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EXPERIENCES

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The Author

# CHIPS OF EXPERIENCES



By

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## PREFACE

This book is dedicated to my many friends and to my whole home constituency. Ever since my call for the foreign mission field was known, I have received from many of them direct encouragement. Later, after arrangements had been made and we were going out to China, they did their very best in strengthening us for the hard work that was sure to lie ahead of us. If it had not been for so many of these dear friends praying for us, writing words of encouragement, and financially supporting us, we would have been unable to stay in the mission field and accomplish through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, what has now become facts and history of the General Conference Mennonite Mission in China. Since they have prayed much for the work, and also have freely given towards its support, they have a right to inquire into its work and progress. At this time of civil war and restlessness in China, when over on-half of the missionaries have left the country, and a large percent. of the remainder are compelled to be away from their stations, when there is a strong objection by certain groups to all missionary work, and when the evacuation of missionaries has so profoundly stirred the mission fields and thrown them into confusion in that most of the mission machinery suddenly stopped, and, I may say, when many missionaries have become discouraged and lost faith in the

work, these friends meet us with the question, "Watchman, what of the night?" This book then in part is our answer. Anybody carefully reading it will, notwithstanding all this commotion and present civil upheaval, feel greatly encouraged to continue to remember this noble work in prayer, and extend his benevolent hand for its support in any possible way.

**The Author.**

## THE CHILD AND THE HOME

Jesus took a child and put him right in the midst of the disciples, and thus made His disciples take lessons from him. This shows the value of the child in the eyes of the Master. However it is not my purpose in this chapter to approach the subject from the same angle, but rather let us take a glimpse of the child's home life with the given opportunities as his faculties develop, and at the same time making a comparison between the position of the child in Western and Eastern lands. I have often been in American homes, where the child was always kept in the background. He was never permitted to join in table discussions, because it was presumed that he could not understand the subject under consideration. But this means a constant suppression of the child's imaginative mental powers, consequently he stays either dull or at least shy. Whenever there is outside company, the child is either not at all permitted to be present, or if present, he feels awkward and unnatural. In contrast to these homes I have also found others, where the child has a well recognized place in the family and in the family social relations. As his faculties develop, they are exercised. The child's opinions, although they once in awhile need to be corrected and enlarged upon, at other times, are accepted by the older people. From the early years he thus becomes vitally interested in

the home and its surroundings. For he is confident that he has a place in it, it belongs to him as much as to any one else. As he grows in stature, so he also grows in intellect. Visitors notice and appreciate his presence. In homes with fair sized families the children very orderly take their places and intelligently make their contributions to the conversations. Father and mother are the heads of the family, but every child has a part in it, and a fair chance to develop normally.

China, as one of the countries of the East, has been proclaimed a land of true filial piety; a land, where the child knows his right relation to the older folks, especially to the parents. However it does not take much investigation to learn, that this report on filial piety does not rest on proper information. In the first place, although children are often by sheer force of custom compelled to give such an outer appearance, it hardly ever comes from the heart. Sooner or later the true relationship is revealed, which leaves nothing to brag about. The most cruel suffering of old people at the hands of their children that I have ever seen has been in China. Moreover these were not isolated cases but quite general and common.

In the second place the child is kept mentally and physically suppressed, which has a very bad effect upon his natural development. Moreover the older people take advantage of his immature stage and teach him many real bad things. Here stands a father with a child in his arm. The child is learning or has just learned to speak. The parent himself or someone out of the idle group standing around teaches him to say bad

words. Soon the child knows how to say these things by himself and it is no isolated incident to see parents and all standing around and rejoice over the child's expressions of profanity.

Again take the poorer homes, and they are in the majority, there a child is often directly taught to lie and steal. Often he is scolded and may be beaten in an inhuman way, not because he has done these things, but because he has not been clever enough at it and has been found out. Anyone can easily see what results can be expected from such a home training. I say it, and say it candidly, it really is surprising, that under all such disadvantages the Chinese child still develops such a fairly good character. Judging from boys and girls in our school, I am inclined to think that the Chinese child has a fairly good disposition to start with. Could a normal home be provided for him, he would exceed many a Western child. I am glad to mention here, that the Christian homes, and especially those of the better educated people, show a great change for the better. Children with such homes generally are more intelligent, of a better behavior, and show character training.

Far be it from me to maintain that the less favorable homes cannot produce renowned men and women, but that is then in spite of them. I admit that my home environments were far from being ideal, and therefore out of my own experiences I know how hard it is to overcome the handicaps of one's own environments. It is a great social problem that lies before us. Be it then among people of the West, or be it among

those of the East, the love for the child and the future generation requires that we find ways and means of changing the home life of the average child of today to more normal and favorable conditions. To me, without a doubt, the true Christian home is the ideal. If parents can only be induced to change their homes and pattern them after the true Christian model, it will be a dynamic for uplift and child life and the betterment of present day society. What man in his own strength cannot do, God's power through Jesus Christ will accomplish.



## **THE CHILD'S EARLY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES**

What has been said in the previous chapter of things in the home that cause suppression of the child, both in intellect and in body, is even more true in regard to his spiritual development. Where the former exists, spiritual freedom of development could hardly be expected. But even where there is liberty and comparative freedom in the former, very often one finds definite restrictions in the latter. Where there is a low ebb of spiritual life among the grown-ups of a family, this can naturally be expected: but even where the contrary is true, there may be a definite lack of understanding the child and his need. In case of bodily needs, be it hunger, thirst, sickness or anything else, a child naturally will go to the parent: because by the parent, if anywhere, there is to be found sympathy and understanding, to say nothing of direct relief. If therefore the child is accustomed to come to the parent in other matters for advice, it will with the same ease come for spiritual aid. I have seen other homes, where that was the happy situation, and I am thankful to God that my own children freely come to their parents for advice. Some sacrifice of time and maybe nerve strain is to be brought, but the result is wonderful. Have you never heard people remark: "Look at that child, it is far beyond its age."? Well, the child

may be relatively speaking far beyond his age, that is beyond and what other children of the same age are; but the reason is that he has had more free and natural development mentally and spiritually.

A young child may often have deep spiritual experiences. Some friends have told me of their early experiences, which to a great extent corroborated my own. In almost every case the relation of the parent to the child prevented the former from understanding the latter and giving him the necessary assistance. In my own case I had Christian parents, but as I now look back, there must have been two reasons why spiritual assistance was not forthcoming: in the first place the family was large and poor. Thus the busy parents found no time for the individual child beyond his mere physical requirements; and in the second place their understanding of the spiritual needs of the child was very limited. This then being the case, I had to fight my own spiritual battles, without the so important and imperative parental assistance.

At an early age, maybe when I was five or six years old, I often experienced great longing for spiritual things. I would secretly take the Bible, hide in a quiet place, and there read portions out of the Gospels. With tears in my eyes I would sit for hours pondering over the Holy Book, and in a childlike way pray to the Savior. To be sure there were many things that I could not understand, and there were many things that disturbed my mind; and there were even in my young life things that were wrong. The situation perplexed and disturbed me, but I had no one, absolutely no one, to

whom I could go either in or outside the family. Since this situation continued for a longer period, my disturbed mind caused me many bad dreams, which tormented me to such an extent, that I dreaded the approach of night. During the day my heart was heavy, and in the sleep of the night, which is so necessary for the natural development of the child, I found neither rest nor relief from my troubles. Those were the darkest days of my life. Sometimes they almost brought me into utter despair of life. When I now look back upon those days, I wish that I only had dared to go to my mother or to my father. Maybe they would have shown sympathy and helped me. Yes, I am quite sure, that they would have tried to do so. But the ground had not been cultivated for this approach, and thus the poor child dared not try it.

Although these battles were not continuous, they did appear at irregular intervals and extended through a period of several years. Through God's mercy and grace the outcome was an early consecrated life. Of course it was not perfect and also far from sinless, but a life that rested upon the redemption through Christ on the cross. The Bible was such a Holy Book, that every word therein was taken in a simple trust as from God; to attend religious meetings gave me the greatest joy, and the minister's words were the very voice of God speaking to me.

I have indulged in telling you a little of my early childhood spiritual experiences. They have meant so much in my own life, and I am very thankful for the Lord's great love and mercy revealed to me in those

early years. All this came to me notwithstanding that there was a decided disadvantage in the home environments. Sometimes I just wonder what it would have been, if my dear parents would have met their spiritual obligation toward me in a better and fuller way. I have seen other children labor even under greater disadvantages. Some have told me under tears of home opposition to a spiritual life. At times the burden was so great that they got into utter despair. Others again, although they had no direct opposition, could not receive the least help from their home. They inwardly burned and in their hearts cried tears looking for sympathy and help, but as far as the home circle was concerned, it was all in vain. Here is a matter that all Christian parents ought to take to heart. Where there is duty, there also is grace from above to fulfill it. Man's strength and wisdom will not go very far, but the Lord knows our limitations, and He is only too glad to bestow wisdom and power from above, if we only were ready to receive them. If God sees fit to intrust these young lives into our care, He will also graciously provide the spiritual wisdom and the necessary strength to lead these little ones deeper and deeper into the truths of everlasting life and thus prepare them for an abundantly rich and fruitful life.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love:  
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above."

## THE CALL

In this busy age there is very little room for aimless people. A piece of wood floats aimlessly on the surface of the pond, but a boat crosses the sea, heading for a specific place. The aimless piece of wood floating or drifting along may happen to strike a place, but it neither brings or takes away anything. A ship, however, makes itself most useful in transporting cargo or passengers. We are generally agreed that anybody sailing this sea of life, should have a specific aim for his earthly years, or in other words he ought to know his profession and faithfully perform his life's duty.

Entering then upon the topic of choosing a life's profession, we have a theme that is very interesting, but at the same time presents a task extremely difficult to perform. Some people choose, but afterwards find themselves worse off than before; others again have to go through the severest trials and agony of heart and mind, before they finally can come to a place where they can contentedly say: This is my bit; This is the contribution heaven wants me to make toward mankind.

Whether we belong to a group that looks at this universe as a thing fully established and regulated by natural laws, and therefore just try to fit in somewhere, or whether we believe that above this natural code of laws that seem to work in perfection to the minutest details, there is an all-powerful and all-wise God that

has ordained things to be so and even now bringing new laws and new forces to the front—a God that is not only all-wise and all-powerful, but that is also merciful and loving, a God mightily interested in the least of his created things, and surely much interested in each individual being, a God that will reveal himself to individuals and call them to perform specific service—in either case we are intersted in the age of man, at which time such an opportunity for service is most likely to come to him. Naturally we expect the critical time for a life's work decision to lie nearer the beginning of life, say between the ages of fifteen and thirty. But as the latter is no absolute limit, and people have often chosen their life work much later, so we must not bar anyone from making a choice still earlier, even during the years of childhood. One hears and reads about such early calls and early decisions.

In these informal talks I feel at liberty to bring in some of my personal experiences. It is now just thirty-seven years ago, when a very strong conviction came over me, that I should become a missionary to heathen lands. As far as I now recollect, I never resisted this so stupenduous a calling. It came in so natural a way and still was so clearly supernatural, that it left no room for hesitation or doubt, but on the contrary filled my heart with a great longing to be in my Father's business. Although just a child of eleven years I thought a good deal about it, and sometimes I had long dreams on this line. My understanding, of course, as to what was needed in the line of preparation and the sacrifice that it would require to bring was indeed lim-

ited. In those days mission classes and children's mission organizations of any kind were unknown. In fact country life in the North Central States was quite isolated from the rest of the world. For any returned missionary to visit those small country places was a most rare thing. To me the call was directly from God; and no matter, what happened, this call grew stronger right along. What makes me now marvel about it is, that although there was not a second person on earth that knew anything about it, nothing could divert me from my goal, nor could anything make me forget about it. On the contrary, many times when I was in the woods or on the prairie alone with my Savior, the prayer subject was the foreign mission field. Why I did not tell my father about it, for he was still alive at that time, I do not know; but one thing I do know, namely that the whole affair was so sacred to me that I dared not let any human being know of what belonged to my Lord and myself. I must freely admit, too, that I felt always happy to know that my precious Savior loved me and had work for me to do. In those early days my heart was filled with a simple trust, and thus I never doubted that I was to get to the place of service in due time. Sometimes I imagined myself to be already on the field and at work.

I still remember that at two different times I heard missionaries relate of the work that they were doing in Sumatra, and when they came to the point of the needs of the field, I could hardly stand to wait any longer. The difficulties and the dangers were all frankly told, but what a burning need there was! The



field was surely ripe for the harvest, but so few were the reapers!

Since our family was poor, and I therefore had to work for other people ever since I was ten years old, I was generally away in the country during the summer months, which circumstance cut me off from most religious meetings. The attending of any such meeting meant a definite effort on my part, and sometimes a walk of eight miles and back again. I remember especially one of these meetings. I must have been between sixteen and eighteen years old. The minister had a mission subject for his theme. During the sermon, and more to the close of it, he made a direct appeal for workers. I can still hear him ask: "Is there no one in this big audience that will volunteer to be the Lord's messenger? Is there not a single one that will say, Here am I, send me?" It was the greatest challenge that had ever confronted me. I almost got upon my feet. In my heart I answered and said: "Yes, praise God, here is one that will go!" As far as giving an affirmative answer I had no trouble at all, for I could joyfully do it; but I was bashful and could not tell my heart's secrets to my fellow man. But such definite challenge to be put before me, greatly strengthened me and encouraged me to press on towards the goal.

"Jesus is calling! Forth to the fray,  
In line be falling, serve Him today!  
Follow Him ever, call no retreat!  
His soldiers never suffer defeat!

"On to victory, follow your mighty Commander!  
On to victory, follow where Jesus may go!  
On to victory, close to your Shield and Defender  
On to victory, conquer every foe!

"He needs you, brother, do thou His will!  
Your place no other ever can fill:  
Gird on the armour, take up the sword,  
Join your Commander, follow the Lord.

"Morning is coming, night will be past:  
Soon will the dawning break in at last—  
Then with the morning, glorious and bright,  
Rich crowns adorning victors of light!"

## HARD NUTS

Every profession requires a preparation, and the ministry doubly so. In later years I have seen people, and heard others, who would neither take time nor pains to acquire a preparatory education, nor would they when at work prepare their message. This is neither written to criticize anybody nor to discredit the importance of the Holy Spirit baptism. In fact if I were to choose between education without the latter or the latter without education, I would much prefer the anointing from on high. But coming back to those persons above referred to, what was their success? Very limited indeed. I have known other good people who evidently had been misled. While they went to China as missionaries, they expected God to do for them what they ought to have done for themselves. They sat there idly for two years waiting for God to give them the language in a miraculous way. After waiting for two whole years, some changed their mind and went to work to study the language and soon proved themselves to be good workers, while others after two years waiting packed up and went home very much discouraged. When a boy and still in the grades I learned a motto which has helped me wonderfully, namely; "God helps those that help themselves."

As long as I had to work long summers to help the family get along, my opportunities for getting an edu-

cation were very slim. Several months during the winter days was all the free time that I had. I walked to a country school two miles away. Some teachers were young and inexperienced, and cared little to have larger boys attend. During those years I had, however, a few teachers who really were interested in me, and they tried their best to help me along. These will stay with me in kind remembrance as long as I live.

During the year in which I reached the age of twenty, my father died. We then gave up farming and sold out. Everybody was to start out for himself. My inheritance was between three and four hundred dollars. A very small sum indeed, with which to get an education; but I had a strong body and could work. That same year I was baptized and received into the church. Mentally and spiritually I thus received new impulses. My understanding broadened and my Christian life deepened. That time I also became acquainted with four young Christian men, and we made intimate friendship. Smoking and using liquor once in awhile endangered my future; but a deep conviction came upon me that it was wrong and dangerous for me to indulge, so I vowed before God never again to touch them. In order to be able to continue my studies I found it quite necessary to prolong my summer vacation months so as to be able to earn a little more money and thus eke out my slender inheritance. If I at that time had known how much studying still was required before I should be ready to enter my life's work, I might have become utterly discouraged; but as it was I counted two years ahead and I should graduate from the gram-

mar school. However when I got there the high school was before me; then again there was college, and to end it up I found that for my life's work a theological seminary was very necessary. I am so glad and thankful that the Lord led me step by step, and did not at any time reveal more to me of the future than was good for me.

I had to fight every inch for my education. When I prolonged my summer vacation in order to earn more money, I found upon entering school, that my class had gotten ahead of me. It was therefore quite necessary that I work harder than my classmates, for I had to make up the lost work. Later again, when my meager inheritance was used up, I worked in boarding houses and restaurants besides attending school. My study hours were thus again cut short, even though I was shortening already my hours for sleep. Thus I always had to work a little harder than the other fellow. However I had my eyes fixed upon the goal. I had learned another motto, which helped me very much, namely: "Places by great men reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

The last year of high school was the most trying. It was a very slack year for common labor. The big city of St. Paul was overflowed with people out of work. A single announcement of an opening would bring crowds of applicants. For a time I worked as waiter in a restaurant four hours daily. For this I got my meals and one dollar a week besides. Finally my boss forgot to pay the dollar. As a protest I quit the

job. But what next? Having an understanding in painting and carpentry, I managed to pick up odd jobs, which I performed in out of school hours. Almost all winter I had already cut my food allowance down to two meals a day, but now I could clearly see, that my funds would not allow such an extravagance, so I decided upon one meal a day with a luncheon of bread and water besides.

Once I wrote to one of my brothers to send me five dollars, for I was at the end of my rope, but the mail failed me, and so I had to go on the best I knew how. The night that I graduated with honor, I just had five cents in my pocket. I had borrowed a dollar from my friend for the labor agency fee. The next morning without breakfast I started out eight miles into the country to find a farmer by the name of Krueger, where I was to work. That part of the country was very woody, and the roads irregular, so I had to inquire at some farmers, as to what road to take. I met some at the breakfast table. The food looked mighty good, but since they did not offer any to me, I went without it. Finally I found the man Krueger with a hired hand hauling hay. He had already forgotten all about his application for help at the agency, and he did not care to hire anyone now. There I was, eight miles in the country, with a borrowed dollar spent in vain, and no work nor food. What should I do? My eyes were turned up to God, and my feet marched on in search for work somewhere else. After walking another three miles I finally came to one farmer, who had some carpenters at work overhauling his dwelling house.

Being of the same trade, I hoped to find employment, but since the work was almost completed, the farmer cared not to increase his crew. He advised me to go one mile further to his brother, who was looking for a hand. When he found out that I had come all the way from town and met with such a disappointment at the hand of Krueger, he was very dissatisfied with that man's behavior, and immediately ordered some food to be brought to supply my needs.

Since I had now finished my high school course, and at the same time had privately prepared for a first grade teacher's examination, I decided to stay with that farmer only a few months. At the end of that period I went back, took the examinations and engaged a school. This was the first break in a continuous school attendance. By changing places I managed to teach twelve months in succession. After that I again pursued my studies. I partly relied upon the new funds and partly upon working on odd jobs at spare time. The question of the necessary funds was always very vital, sometimes almost brought me in despair. Since I had such a definite call for a specific work, I could not understand, why I should have to fight so hard for funds. Once I noticed in the newspaper that a U. S. senator was spending quite a little sum of money for good purposes, and the idea came to me, that he might be willing to help me along. I decided to write him a letter; but since I wanted not to undertake anything that was not clearly God's will for me, I earnestly prayed that if the senator's funds were not good for my use, the Lord should lead him to refuse me. Well, it

took some weeks till the answer came. My hands trembled while I took the letter. Before tearing it open I prayed: "Lord, not my will but Thine be done." I opened it, and there was a clear "no." This settled it for me. The battle was my own. I had to fight it. Generally speaking I was willing, but I must admit, that there were times, when doubt and fear crept in. But the Lord was always good to me. He supplied ways and means and also strength to overcome.

For several years nasal catarrh troubled me a lot. Even two years of treatment by a specialist did not cure it. There were stretches of time, that my throat was so sore, that singing was impossible and speaking not easy. Then, too, for a time I experienced pain in my chest and sides. The doctor assured me that so far it was not consumption. Two friends of mine, and one a candidate for the foreign mission field, died of consumption. Would I really be able to get there, or should I drop on the wayside too? These internal struggles were after all the most severe. Once, while all the doubts were before me, I knelt before the Lord in prayer. While I prayed, I saw in a vision myself actually on the foreign field, and clearly before me stood the little hut, which was my dwelling place. This revelation greatly encouraged me to press forward, as the goal can and must be reached. I may here say, that several years later, when already in China, I had rented a place in K'ai Chou for temporary living quarters, while I was preparing to build. One day I was standing on the plot of land, where the new buildings were to go up, and turning slightly around, I unexpectedly beheld



my living quarters, and they were exactly what I had seen in that vision several years ago. The Lord had really seen fit to show me years in advance things that were to be. Yes, hard battles there were many, but the dear Lord helped me to fight victoriously in every one of them.

"Be not dismayed, whate'er betide,  
God will take care of you:  
Beneath His wings of love abide,  
God will take care of you.

"God will take care of you,  
Thro' ev'ry day, O'er all the way:  
He will take care of you,  
God will take care of you.

"Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail,  
God will take care of you:  
When dangers fierce your path assail,  
God will take care of you.

"All you may need He will provide,  
God will take care of you:  
Nothing you ask will be denied,  
God will take care of you.

"No matter what may be the test,  
God will take care of you:  
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,  
God will take care of you."

## PARTNERSHIP

It is not good for a man to be alone. He needs fellowship, and more than that he needs partnership. For one to live all by himself for a longer period of time makes his nature onesided, but for one to do so among a strange race and a strange people with customs so different from one's own is not to be advised. A man needs a home, which is more than a house or place to sleep: it includes a life partner and, better still, a family. The married life is the most natural one to live. Nature requires it and God has put His special seal of blessing upon it.

Since childhood to me this idea of going out with a life companion seemed very natural. From the very beginning that idea of going out to the foreign field with a wife concerned my mind. I surely could have found examples to the contrary, both in the Bible and in present life; but they never appealed to me. I admit, that for me it was rather premature, and much of it child fancy. Later, however, while I was attending school, things began to be a little different. To be sure, I was not ready to choose, but I had to begin practicing elimination. Some young ladies, although having a fine character, were lacking educational preparation, so I had to take care not to get too much attached to them.

Then again there was the barrier of nationality and denomination. As to the former, my home community

and church at Mountain Lake, Minnesota, were German speaking. For me at that time to have chosen an English speaking American girl would have more or less set the community against me; and further to have crossed the Mennonite boarder would still have been worse. My personal attitude was quite different, for I got my education almost entirely outside the German speaking circles, and the same held true in regard to the denominational boarder line. I was outside both of them. This getting my education outside my home community even made me almost forget my mother tongue, so that for a time I could hardly speak it. Furthermore in every place where I went, I found in the local churches there very earnest young people. To be sure always in the minority, but they were there, and generally speaking they stood for the same Christian principles which were the sign-mark of my own denomination. These young friends meant ever so much in my Christian life. But be it as it may, I could not afford to break the home ties. Even though it sometimes meant sacrifice, I was determined to stay true to my own church and community.

Once on account of such a probable attachment I dropped a position and changed my work. The girl in question was of the Roman Catholic faith, I perceived that things were changing so rapidly, that a sudden drastic move was the only remedy. Again at another time I stayed or boarded in the home of a Presbyterian family. The only girl of the family was a classmate of mine. We knew each other well, but loved each other more. Happily the school year came

to a close. After considering the situation carefully and praying over it, too, I decided to go to another city for my next year's work, and thus I never saw the girl again. In both cases it meant real heartache, but for the good cause it had to be.

After entering the theological seminary there happened to come another attachment, which very much approached an engagement. A proverb says: "Put first things first." The girl had not the means to attend school and prepare herself, so I offered to advance the money for her; but she, for her own reasons, did not feel free to accept it, and thus all hope of bringing us together had to vanish. During the last year in the seminary the Foreign Mission Board was considering of sending me to India, and advised me to find a partner. This was a most perplexing affair. As matters stood during the next six or eight months I was to find a life companion, get married and be off for India. I had a fine lady friend, who was my co-worker in the Sunday School. To her I dared broach the question; but she needed time for making such an important decision. It later happened that my going out to India was for the time being postponed, and I temporarily took up home mission work. Although our regular correspondence was kept up for a whole year, I could never get a definite consent from her. Finding myself in a position, by far too uncertain, I finally lost all hope and dropped the matter. A few years later, while I was already in China with my family, one day there came a letter from her in which she expressed her willingness to follow me to the foreign field. But of course, it was too late then.

During my home mission work I never forgot my calling for the foreign field; and I always used my opportunities to present that work to the churches. And thus I found a number of friends who were much interested in mission work, and also in me as a candidate for the same. Some handed me cash gifts, others again subscribed certain sums of money, if the Foreign Mission Board would send me out within one year. The Mission Board had namely given "lack of funds" as the reason for not sending me out that year. In the Student Volunteer Movement, to which I belonged, all kinds of difficulties had been discussed, and remedies suggested. In case where lack of funds threatened to keep a candidate back from the field, the suggestion was, "go to work and get the funds." Thus there was a perfect application of what I had learned.

There was a very earnest young Christian lady, Maria Miller, who also was a candidate for the foreign field, and who found herself in similar circumstances. From the very first day of our acquaintance, there had been harmonious feelings, and during this last year out of our common goal and like difficulties there grew an intimate friendship, and later we were even prayerfully considering the possibility of going out together. By coincidence it happened that in spring, when I was visiting my home community for a short time, she was also there, and furthermore she happened to stay with the same people I did. Sunday night at Christian Endeavor meeting, where all young people of the community and many old folks were present, the leader wanted to be very considerate and in the name of the

society wished us good luck and God's blessing while leaving the next day. Of course it was very nice and kind of him to do so. Only it felt rather funny to have our names coupled together in that fashion. In the fall of that year both of us attended the General Conference at Beatrice, Nebraska. There was a boat excursion on the Blue River one evening. I was to escort Maria. There was another young lady who joined our company; however we arrived late and the steam launch was already gone. So we hired a small oar boat and enjoyed that beautiful evening on the Blue River just the same. Later, while I was on my evangelistic trip through the churches, I visited her home, although I knew she was away in another state at the time. It gave me, however, an opportunity to get acquainted with her home folks. There were her earnest Christian parents, and there were her brothers and sisters, all fine Christian people. She had a solid background, better than my own. That same following winter I made a long trip through deep snow. I found myself confronted with impassable roads, and was much delayed, so that hardly an hour was left for personal talk, before the next train should again separate us. But there we came to a formal agreement, and people might have said that we were engaged.

Coming back then to the subscribed funds, there were more than a thousand dollars, which I sent to the Foreign Mission Board, then just in session, thinking that it would be an encouragement to her. Miss Miller also wrote the Board, informing it that her parents offered to contribute liberally, if she could only be sent



**Partnership**





out during that year. Since this chapter is not written for the sake of contention, it is better not to go into the details as to the Board's answer. Suffice it to say, that Miss Miller received a very unfavorable answer, and I was reprimanded for having collected funds, for which I had no authority. Other sources brought me the news, that the Mission Board did not consider it wise to send out a man of my disposition as a missionary. On my part, and I am sure on Miss Miller's, too, every step taken had been accompanied with much prayer. We had never for the least moment intended to impose our will upon the Foreign Mission Board. But on the other hand we felt it our solemn duty to refuse the offer of the Board to have us go to the American Indians. Not that that work is not necessary, or even of less importance, but we were fully convinced, that that was not our calling. The Board maintained, that it had absolute power to determine where candidates were to go. To us the call had come from God Himself, although He might use human agents. We felt that we had to obey God more than man.

"I can hear my Savior calling,  
I can hear my Savior calling,  
I can hear my Savior calling,  
'Take thy cross and follow, follow me.'

"Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow,  
Where He leads me I will follow,  
And go with Him, with Him all the way."

## THE BARRED DOOR

There we were, the denomination and people for whom we had always been so considerate in our actions had finally, through the hand of its agency, The Foreign Mission Board, rejected our services. Our call had been clearly for the foreign field. The General Conference had only work in India, therefore India had always been our hope. But now the door was barred. Was human machinery playing a trick on us, or was here superhuman intervention? For some time everything looked dark, as dark as a cloudy moonless night. One thing remained. The proof of our calling had been so definite and unmistakably clear, that there never could be a mistake in that. If there be any mistake at all, it must be in our interpretation of the call, but never in the call itself. Prayerful re-examination became essential.

Slowly it dawned upon us, that FOREIGN FIELD did not necessarily mean India, nor was the Foreign Mission Board of the General Conference God's only agency for the foreign field. What if the Lord wanted us to go out under another board? And what, if He wanted to use us at another land than India? Revolutions came into our thinking, and our hearts were taxed to the limit for new faith and new hope.

I remembered several Sudan missions in Africa, which were quite interdenominational. It came to me,

that I should write to them and see, what they had to say, and finally did so. Before long I had an answer from two such societies, both wanted recommendations and references. These I gladly gave, and later I found, too, that the secretaries of the societies had written to these persons. However for some time there was a lull in the affair. Miss Miller in the meantime wrote me several letters in which she mentioned the China Menonite Mission in Shantung, China. She had a cousin by the name of Schrag there, and she had personally met a few missionaries from that field. She further suggested that we might go there. At first this did not interest me at all, and I was hardly willing to consider it. By the beginning of September I received a letter from the secretary of one of these societies, inviting me to come to Toronto, Canada, in the month of September, but I should wait until I received another letter from him. While I thus waited for that letter, I visited the churches in Miss Miller's community. We were agreed as to going out together as missionaries wherever God wanted us to go. I thought that it must be Africa, but she thought that it must be China. Since any day I might get my call to go to Toronto, I wanted to be sure, where my partner stood; I therefore asked her directly, that if the Lord would lead that way, whether she would consent to go along. The answer was: "Yes, but I can't see yet, that Africa is the Lord's way." I also asked her parents whether they would consider letting me take their daughter to Africa without any definite promise of support from a mission organization. They also answered: "Yes, if the Lord

so leads. As far as support is concerned, we and the whole community will stand behind you, but why not rather go to China, where some Mennonites are already at work, and where we have acquaintances and even relatives?" My home church also promised voluntary support; but still it was nothing in comparison of having an organization behind one, with specific arrangements. In fact I had always been a very stunt supporter of mission boards. For me now to act contrary to my principles, was the most difficult thing. To go out under one of the Sudan mission boards, who would not promise any definite support, but would cut at the top, if too large amount would come in, was already difficult enough. But it was far harder for me to think that I should ever go out to China without a mission board of any kind.

While we were both searching hard to learn to know the will of the Lord, I proposed the following procedure: We should prayerfully commit the entire matter unto the Lord. If it was His will, that we should go to Africa, the Toronto secretary's letter should come as agreed upon; but if it was not His will, He should keep that letter away. In the latter case, we would take it that China was the field to go to. There were then still three weeks in September left. Both of us went to work, trusting and praying.

"He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought!  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

“Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis God that leadeth me.”

## ANOTHER WAY

The battle was over. The entire decision now rested with the Lord. We had unconditionally surrendered all to our Master. His we were, redeemed by His own precious blood; and the work was His, too, why then should we worry and disturb our weak and weary hearts? Was it not natural to come to His loving bosom for rest and peace like a weary child, that stretches out his tiny hands for mother's arms of comfort and rest? I experienced a peace in mind, as I had not for months. My meetings continued and as the work went on souls continued to be saved. One week passed, soon another one went by, and finally the third and last week came to its close: but no letter from the Sudan Mission's secretary arrived. This brought the waiting period to a close. All other mission fields were now out of question. The heavenly finger pointed clearly to China. Some people could not understand us at all and others may even have considered us fickle and rather unstable. First it had been India, then possibly Africa, and finally it was old China. We could easily excuse them, for they were outside the inner circle, and thus were not able to pass a fair and just judgment on us and our actions. However we had many friends, who knew better. They appreciated our position and the course taken. Some with tears in their eyes exhorted us to take courage and go right ahead. They

assured us that their prayers and contributions would follow us.

Since we were now already in the month of October, our preparation for the departure had to be hurried. Passage reservations are always of importance, and thus had to be attended to immediately. Then a U. S. passport for the orient had to be gotten. But the hardest thing was to get the right kind of outfits. There is the personal outfit of wearing apparel. Since the climates of the different mission fields are so different, a list of things really needed is quite necessary. Some times one hardly knows what to take along and what to leave behind. I did leave some things behind, that would afterwards have come very handy; but I also included other things, that could well have been left behind.

The right selection is very important because it takes time and money to get luggage through customs and transported to the interior station, where you hope to enjoy these goods. If one only has sufficient time, such lists can nowadays easily be obtained from any mission board. Of course people's tastes will vary somewhat, but in general, these lists are quite fair. To me it never was so much the individual items listed, as the general idea that I arrived from the list as a whole. It has often happened, that missionaries were wrongly informed, and consequently made grave mistakes. For instance one missionary upon some one's advice left all his books behind, for which, of course, he afterwards was very sorry. Again some have carried whole boxes of temporary books along. I mean books, after you

have read them once, you never pick them up for the second time. We made one mistake, that most likely others, too, have made, namely in that we sent heavy baggage ahead by freight to our port of embarkation. After we got there, we had to spend much time looking for the same. Finally we found one-half, and the rest with very much needed things had to stay behind. I have since learned a lesson, and never leave luggage behind or even separate with it, when I know before hand, that these things will be needed either on the trip or immediately upon our arrival.

I had been working as evangelist, and my labor in the General Conference had been appreciated; but now I was to go to an entirely new field. I therefore desired to be ordained as a minister of the Gospel. Elder Regier was also very willing to officiate, but it was advisable for my home church to express its opinion on this. When all these preliminaries had finally been attended to, the ordination took place. Everything went in great hurry, and so it happened, that many people to their great sorrow, did not beforehand know, when the ordination was going to be. But even so the church was very crowded. I wished so much, that Miss Miller would be present, but the last day brought me a letter, saying, that since there was so much packing to do, and many other things beside to attend to, she simply found it impossible to come. I was so sorry, but things had to be taken as they come. That she over-worked herself in the last weeks was quite evident. When we finally had gotten started on the long trip, she was weary and tired. I myself had many things to



attend to, and just as soon as my farewell at Mountain Lake was over, I hurried to Marion, South Dakota, to help her. However I have later always felt that somehow such strains ought to have been avoided. Maybe other young men have had the same fault of not being considerate enough to their young ladies.

The last Sunday that we had at home was very crowded. In the forenoon was Miss Miller's ordination as a missionary to China, and in the afternoon came our wedding, and the evening services consisted of a farewell meeting. It was such a crowding of affairs, that it robbed them of beauty and significance. Miss Miller said that she would never do it again; and I am quite sure that I would not. At first there had been so much delay, and now that we once had started and reserved our passage from Seattle to Shanghai, it was better to go ahead and keep the reservation, even if some other things had to suffer.

The departure was a heart-rending one on both sides. To us it meant going to a strange country and a strange people with customs entirely different from those of our own; but above everything else, there was before us the most difficult language of the world, and we either had to learn it or fail. Adding to all these yet the fact, that no one but God knew where the funds for our maintenance and for the preparation of a mission plant were to come from. We surely had our full lot of uncertainties to contend with. It seems to me, that our friends were still in a worse position, for while we had this clear conviction of a call from God, they could

only imagine such a heavenly call, which even though it meant death, could not be disobeyed. We looked one another squarely in the face, well aware, that it might be the last time, that we saw one another. There were handshakes and hugging, tears ran freely, and chests were unable to restrain feeling any longer. But the sweet thing about it all was, that no one tried to restrain us or keep us back. All around us there was a sweet submission to the holy will of Christ the Savior. It is marvelous what people will do, and how much they can stand, if their actions rest upon a clear conviction. I even now still wonder at the scene of that departure. It took one into holy ground. There have been other departures since and separation always brings with it the bitter ingredient of a possibility, that this may be the last time of seeing each other. But after one knows the country and the people that one is going to, speaks their language, and has learned to love them dearly, there are many strings of affectionate love pulling one back to the field. Friends and relatives, too, are more confident that things are not so bad even in a heathen land. God can and will protect.

The trip itself was not dull, but on the contrary always presented new scenes of interest. While we were on a transcontinental sleeper crossing the Rocky Mountains, one night the track on a dam gave away and the engine and several baggage cars went off the rails, almost turning over. There lay the whole train with hundreds of passengers inside sleeping, but not a single person was hurt. Why? was it on account of a few of God's children being on the train, or was it God's great

love to mankind in general, that had averted a serious accident?

There are very few people that are not affected by seasickness. Besides this there sometimes comes a loneliness and sometimes real homesickness, too. People going out alone have to bear this all by themselves. Married folks have here a decided advantage, for they can and gladly do bear one another's burdens. Since I had taken Maria away from her parents and kindred, it was my solemn duty to do my very best to make her feel happy. I now fear that I was often too inexperienced and missed the mark. Human nature, who can fully fathom it? Some times we think, that we know a person well, in fact we think that we know all about that man, but all a sudden he does something that surprises us to the uttermost. Well, the fact is, that we do not and cannot know anybody's whole nature even in a life-time. Sometimes I, too, thought that I already knew Maria; but then again she would show forth another unrecognized noble trait that made me marvel. I therefore frankly admit, that after eighteen years of matrimonial life, there is still a good deal in her that I do not know, but day by day as I slowly learn to know her better, my love towards her deepens and broadens. Man is the crown of God's creation and has something godly in his very makeup.

The first land that we saw, after leaving our home shores was in Japan. How wonderful it all seemed! The islands are rather mountainous, but are beautifully covered with either forest or green rice fields. At some places these islands are very close together, so that

when a big steamer passes between them, one could almost touch them on both sides of the ship at the same time. The sea, too, is deep and has a clear blue color. If one happens to take a trip in the early spring, the cherry blossoms produce a wonderful sight. But coming on shore one still sees so much darkness, sin and misery. In Yokohama a large district right in the middle of the city is built up and kept for illicit life. Praise God, the Christian forces are awakening and there is now a strong movement on foot to outlaw all houses of illfame. At the temples we saw the people kneel and so earnestly pray to the dead idols that our hearts were greatly moved with pity for them. To say the least they were in dead earnest with their religion. Some say, "What a darkness!" But the thought comes to me: "Yes, but where is the man that has the light, and why does he not let it shine out?"

When we approached Shanghai, China appeared very different to us. The country is very flat around Shanghai; and where there are mountains, they are barren and entirely treeless. What a contrast to Japan's scenery! The city of Shanghai is largely foreign. By seeing Shanghai alone, no traveler can rightly claim to have seen China. But nevertheless coming to China for the first time, one does find a good deal of unfamiliar scenes.

Our real test came on the trip into the interior. Maria's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Schrag, met us at Shanghai and were to take us into the interior. Their station is in the southwestern part of the Shantung Province. The Chinese steamer trip on the Yangtzu River as far

as Chinchiang and from there the house boat trip on the Grand Canal were surely new and most interesting experiences. We were now well on in December, the weather was cold, and at nights our boat would freeze in, which always caused delays in the morning. When at best we were still going rather slowly, for unless you have favorable wind, such boats have to be pulled by men. We stood it for several weeks, but when finally the water got too shallow, we had to arrange for a cross-country trip, partly by wheelbarrows and partly by mule carts.

What is Christmas to you, and what is it to me? Well, here we were on our cross-country trip when Christmas overtook us. It was a hilly country with rather stony and poor soil. In such places people can hardly manage to eke out a living. When we reached the crest of the hill, the sun was just setting. Before us at the foot of the hills we noticed a little village. We were tired and our feet were sore from walking on that stony road, and thus we were glad to reach this place. The village, however, was small, the houses all very poor, and our inn was nothing but a small stone and mud hut with a straw roof and an opening for a door, but six inches too low for walking through uprightly without bumping one's head. We threw our bedding on a mat on the floor, which was to protect us from the damp dirt floor. After taking in a little food, we all knelt down in that dark damp little hut and by the imperfect lantern light read the blessed Christmas story. How Christ, because He so loved us, forsook His glory in heaven and became man in order to save us poor

sinful creatures. The scene that surrounded us and the story in the Gospel of Luke combines to form such a vivid picture, that we could not but feel that we were right there beside the manager. We bowed to the ground and prayed with tears in our eyes: "Come into my heart, dear Jesus, come!"

"Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown,  
When Thou camest to earth for me:  
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room,  
For Thy holy nativity.

"Oh, come in my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heav'n's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Of Thy birth and Thy royal degree:  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
And in greatest humility.

"Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests,  
In the shade of the cedar tree:  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee.

"Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy living word,  
That should set Thy people free:  
But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn,  
Did they bear Thee to Calvary."

## A BLESSED WORK

Our stay at T'sao Hsien, Shantung, was temporary. We meant to study the language first, but in the mean time to look around for an opening, where we could start work by ourselves. The missionaries over there were very kind to us, and would like to have seen us stay with them in the work. Personally there would have been no reason why we should not have done so; but they belonged to a different branch of Mennonites in America. There was no organic connection between them and our General Mennonite Conference. As said before, we were not sent out by the Conference; but nevertheless we belonged to it, and the churches and friends that supported us also belonged to it. It further was our hope and prayer that the Conference sooner or later would want to have a mission in China. For the above given reasons we found no joy in continuing our stay with our friends there.

In all these matters we often prayed to God for light and guidance, and the other missionaries over there did the same. We meant to get information as to what districts were occupied, and where there still was open territory; but in those years the occupation of China as a mission field was not mapped out. Even leaders in Shanghai could not furnish information. Several trips into the surrounding districts gave us some idea of near-by fields. The southern end of the

Chihli Province, that is all south of Tamingfu, had no resident missionary, although the territory was claimed by the South Chihli Mission. After exploring these districts I approached Mr. Houlding, the chairman of that mission, on the subject. His answer was: "If God leads you to open work there, we shall not interfere." Here now was something definite to pray for. And finally we were fully convinced, that we ought to go ahead and start work in K'ai Chou. After being in China just one year and three months, I went to K'ai Chou and purchased a place on the outskirts of the east suburbs. Here I put up a three-room dwelling house, otherwise Chinese style but with foreign windows and doors. The contact I thus got with the Chinese people gave me many a lesson. With the help of a few men that I had brought along, I managed also to do some Gospel work nearby. During those months I gathered a little group of people that were earnestly seeking for the truth; but I also found such that looked for material gain.

In the fall of that same year we moved to K'ai Chou. Our personal possessions were not many, for we loaded everything on a baby lumber wagon. In the front seat besides me sat Maria with little Joseph. A Chinese orphan girl sat somewhere between the goods, and a few Chinese gentlemen walked beside the wagon. The Chinese gave me the lines for the two mules hitched abreast, but they had hitched another mule to the pole. For this miserable creature there was no line, and it certainly caused me a great deal of trouble. Two boys had been sent ahead with a foreign milch cow. This





Placed at last



was the entire force entering the new field. We were very happy indeed that we could now enter the regular work.

Soon very many people with all kinds of diseases came to us for help. I had studied medicine for two years, but I soon found that my preparation did not carry me very far. The greatest difficulty was, that we had no other room, and thus had to take the sick into our own living room. The same was true as to the evangelistic meetings. If the weather was nice, we simply held them out of doors in the yard; but when bad weather set in we had to use the living room, which was by far too small.

All that fall and during the winter, the most important work was to prepare building material. The Lord gave us, however, such a beautiful fall, that it was a real pleasure to work. Thus we were able by spring to put up buildings for a chapel, dispensary work and for general office work. The next was the school question that had to be answered. Soon we found that our work was manysided; teaching, preaching, taking care of the sick and everything else that might come up.

During those years I had quite an experience in treating all kinds of diseases and of performing many kinds of minor operations. There was no use of refusing, the people would simply insist, saying: "Well, you performed such and such an operation and this is not nearly as bad." Many a time I was really surprised how well things did turn out. Maria, although not any

too strong, was always ready to stand by. It became necessary to divide our time, and thus dispensary work was restricted to two days in the week. Many a day we had over one hundred patients, and sometimes as many as one hundred forty. However we had no arrangements for in-patients. Those that had to be attended to daily, had to find a place near by. Before long we were fully convinced, that one missionary couple could not single-handed do all this work. It was very blessed to be sure, but a jack of all trades can do none well. Our difficulty was never with funds, for they always came in as we needed them. Whenever we were ready the Lord had the funds ready too. But we needed help, for this we prayed and for this we applied to our home constituency.

Our friends were true and faithful, but there were also those who criticized. Some of our relatives and friends wished very much that we should come under the General Conference. Some of the young people that wanted to come out to China also preferred Conference work. As a matter of fact we had never meant to cut loose from our Conference; but to the contrary had always hoped that the Conference would later be willing to take up work in China. For these above reasons we approached the General Conference on this matter; and in the year of 1914 it decided to take over the work. In the following year some new missionaries came out, and so the work has been gradually enlarging. So far twenty-one missionaries have come out. We have work in six counties. Besides the evangelistic work, there is school work for boys and girls all over



"A Door of Hope"

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the field. K'ai Chou has one high school for boys and one for girls. There is one Men's Bible School and also one Women's Bible School. Among the missionaries two doctors have come out. K'ai Chou has now a hospital plant with foreign and Chinese doctors and nurses. The Gospel light shines now in villages and cities. Over seven hundred people have confessed Christ as their personal Savior, and have united with the church. The day schools have around one thousand five hundred pupils enrolled, while the Sunday School enrollment is over two thousand.

In the last three or four years the Mission has had a committee at work trying to find a way of establishing Chinese foreign cooperative work. A number of churches are partly independent, but this cooperative work refers to what is now considered mission work. The constitution now under consideration will give the Chinese Christians equal authority with the foreigners. For the Chinese Foreign Council is half Chinese and half foreign, and the department committees are the same. China now is in the claws of unrest and war. So far our field has suffered less; but no-one knows what is ahead. However I am confident that although our work may suffer, it will go on and that after the country again becomes more stable, the work will be extended. The light is now there and cannot be hid. The people are tired of groping in the dark, they want the light. Let me use a few illustrations from the work around us.

At Huang Ping was to be a wedding. I was in-

vited to officiate. A large crowd had gathered for the occasion. Among the people that took active part in that wedding was a Mr. Liu. At the close of the meeting and after the dinner had been served, he insisted that I and Maria had to visit his home before we went back. The bridegroom, too, argued that it would be well to comply with this request, and he even offered to go along. Since he lived in the same village this was easily done. It seemed to me that there must be a special reason back of it all, but I abstained from further inquiry. When we arrived in the front yard, we were ushered into a room and tea was first served. Then Mr. Liu took Maria into the rear yard to meet his wife. When he came back he insisted that I, too, had to enter the rear yard. No excuse would avail, so I went along.

The first room that we entered happened to be the kitchen. Mr. Liu pointed at the kettle god pasted on the wall right above the kettle with the words: "It is enough! Tear him down. He has made me suffer enough. For years I have been tormented by the evil ones. Now I believe in Jesus. He has set me free and healed me. All idols have to go, for I will worship only the Savior. These powers of darkness have to go." While I took down the kitchen god, Mr. Liu ran into the next room and fetched the god of riches. Both were forced into the stove. After the flames had devoured them Mr. Liu said: "Now they are gone, let the missionary lead us in a word of prayer to the true God." The simple prayer of thanksgiving and intercession for the Liu family was followed by a loud

"amen" by all the Christians present. Thus another day had passed, but what a day of struggle and final victory it was for the Liu family!

At present we have two tents out in the field, which are constantly giving the Word of Life to the people. Here is an illustration of how open these folks are for the Gospel. Just a few months ago one of the tents moved to Pei Tsang, a country market place. By daytime many people came to listen to the Gospel, and in the evening the big tent was always crowded. After two weeks the worker intended to move on, but the people implored them to stay longer, for at least another week, for they wanted to be better instructed in the way of life. The women also came and asked for a Bible woman to help them. They said that they appreciated the evangelist's work, but they would like to have a Christian woman explain the message more in detail to them. After the Bible woman had gone there for five days I again visited the place; and it was just wonderful how these people out of their own accord, would tear down their idols and accept Christ as their Savior. Even our Chinese evangelists and Bible women were astonished how mightily the Spirit of the Lord was working among these simple country folks.

"From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

"Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

## CHINESE COUNTRY LIFE

All that will be said in this chapter has been taken from personal observations in South Chihli and the surrounding districts. The greater part of it does not apply to seaport cities, and many things even differ from those in interior places of other provinces. We must keep in mind that China is a large country in size, that from ages and ages ago it has been made up of various tribes, that on account of Chinese inherent nature to keep up their old customs, and lastly on account of inadequate means of communication, it has never been able to unite into one solid nation.

It is only of late that women have been admitted into governmental educational institutions. Formerly it was thought not to be necessary for women to have an education. Generally it was very much doubted whether she possessed the ability to learn. Even the average farmer thinks himself incapable to learn to read. While in the last twenty years the opinion as to female education has greatly changed; and the seaport cities have a limited number of young ladies with a high school education, and a small per cent. of these have even dared to go beyond that, in the interior there are very few young ladies and girls that have an elementary education. Outside the mission schools there are none that have entered high school. The government is in these last years here and there opening ele-

mentary girls' day schools; but even for these she has to use undereducated teachers, because none else are available.

The work of the average woman is in her home. But during busy periods of the year, she helps watching the fields, so that crops can mature before some one else carries them off. The threshing floor and the home she has to watch carefully too. This she can do while performing her ordinary housework, which largely consists in cooking food for the whole family and repairing and washing clothes. The whole family uses cloth shoes, which hardly ever last longer than one month, so that this one thing of keeping the family supplied with shoes alone requires a lot of work. You can watch the women in almost any country home converting raw cotton into thread, weave the thread into cloth, dye it and then make a suit of clothes out of it. It's all handiwork. The average woman is working hard without even a day of rest except at New Year's. The Chinese lunar new year gives her time to breathe. Although several weeks before the holidays she has to start in working doubly hard in order to get all things as food and clothes ready. It is customary, that whenever possible, each member of the family gets a new suit for the occasion. Happily the common folks have a very simple dress. Although since the weather is damp and cold for three or four months of the year, these clothes are generally wadded. Chinese clothes are rather practical and inexpensive. From old ages they have considered decency of first importance. Even in seaport cities, where foreign customs have such a



**Watching the fields**





demoralizing effect upon the people, a young lady may bob her hair, but she will refrain from those low cut necks, transparent clothes, and knee skirts. In coast cities it is a question, how long they will be able to stem the tide. The interior, however, is not affected by it. The Chinese have an eye for beauty and a love for pretty clothes, and the Chinese New Year is the time to display them. Often the women's side of an auditorium looks like a flower garden.

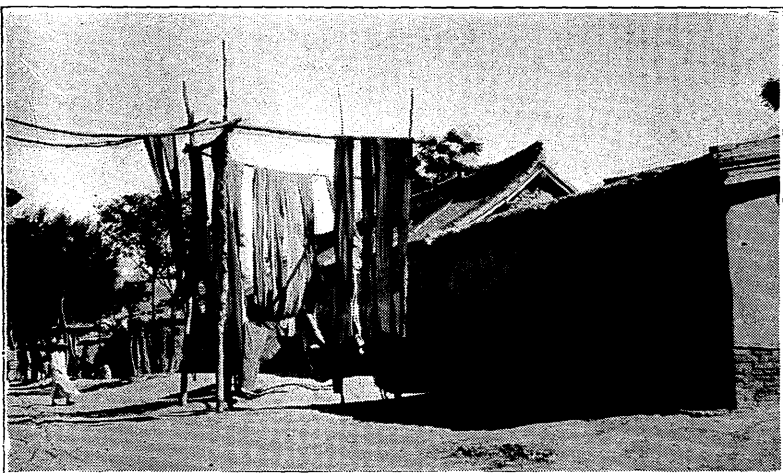
The old custom of child engagement and child marriage remains a blight in the interior. Such young girls are taken over to their mother-in-laws and treated almost as slaves. They have to work hard, and have little liberty. To go out on the street is considered bad for them. If they have to go out at all, they are accompanied by an elderly lady. At New Year's there is slightly more liberty, which always includes a visit to her parents' home. By giving birth to a son, she can improve her lot considerably. But several daughters born may make her lot almost unbearable. Among people of means one often finds a secondary wife, because the regular wife has been childless. Generally this brings strife and contention, as it did in days of old with Sarah and her handmaid.

The women are by far more religious than the men. Most of the idol worship is carried on by women. During times of drought, floods, pests of grasshoppers or other calamities one finds the women in large crowds visiting the temples. At New Year's there is the ancestral worship in the home and the temple worship. In all of these the women have their part. Yüan Shih

K'ai as president of China meant to change the lunar calendar to the western. As far as the post office and other government institutions were concerned, he succeeded but not with the people's New Year. Being threatened with punishment if open celebrations were held, the first year the holiday was a quiet one, but in a year or two the celebrations were just as noisy and the people just as happy as ever before.

Referring again to their idol worship it is not an exclusive system. The average Chinaman is willing to recognize the other fellow's gods. He therefore worships at any and all of the temples; furthermore he worships his ancestors, evil spirits, and the Great Heavenly Father, who of all his gods comes closest to the one true God. The Chinese temples are generally speaking built of better material than the ordinary dwelling houses. Almost every village has a number of them and on hills and mountains widely renown temples are found. To these annual pilgrimages are made. These pilgrims travel on foot, wheelbarrows or mule carts for days in order to reach these places of worship. In this part of the country the Nai-Nai Temple on the Hsün Hsien Mountain is the most important one. Here every spring a great fair is held, during which time one can see long streams of people making the pilgrimage to the Grandmother Temple. She, a woman goddess, is supposed to have the family destiny well in hand. A young woman praying for a son and a grandmother anxious for having a grandson for keeping up the family name, both come to her with their hearts' desires.





Dyeing Cloth



In wadded clothes



Dyeing Cloth



In wadded clothes





The farmer cultivates his field very much the same way as his grandfathers did. Of machinery he knows very little. The few tools that he uses are of a very primitive nature. If he sees some demonstration of a new method, he marvels at it. A foreign wagon with two animals hitched abreast or an automobile are always of great curiosity to him. He taps it with his tobacco pipe, and wonders whether it is made of wood or iron. He is doubly surprised at all the screws and bolts used. But for him to stop and to consider, now can I make use of this, or how much of this method can I adopt for my work? is entirely out of the question. I have tried to improve his seeds but my success has been very limited. Some things don't do well in his district, so we have to leave them out. But I have again and again offered him seeds of other products, that have proved themselves to yield well, but they do not appeal to his taste. The tomato is yielding abundantly, but he considers it of a terrible taste. Foreign grapes yield heavily, but he wonders about the meat between the seeds and the skin and notices a peculiar flavor. One year I took especially great pains in introducing good corn seeds, both from abroad and from Nanking. I planted these seeds myself so as to show the Chinese farmers how good a crop of corn could be raised. About ten bushels of this seed corn I later distributed among farmers all around in the villages. In the third year I had good reason to find the country all covered with this new kind of corn; but as a matter of fact, I did not find a single field. Upon investigation I found that in the second year everybody had

been well pleased with the grand stand in the fields, but his trouble set in later, when the ears began to mature. The people were very curious, and he was unable to watch his fields successfully. His friends would come and say: "What a fine crop of corn you have? Please give me one ear to take along." To refuse would have been unkind; but after everybody had carried off an ear, his cornstalks soon looked barren and the yield was slight.

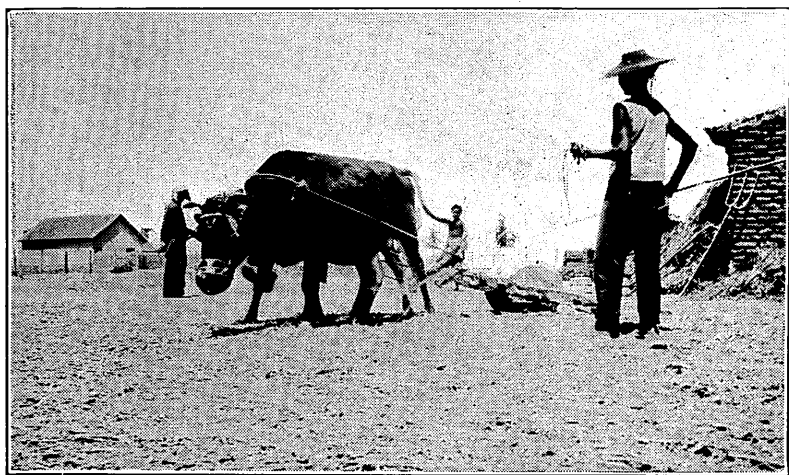
All summer the farmer is quite busy. In spring he plows his fields, waits for the first opportune rain, and then puts in Kafir corn, maize and millet. Next comes the wheat harvest and threshing with a stone roller. The wheat fields are then again quickly put in beans, corn and millet. Following this comes the season of hoeing all the fields. Finally he harvests his fall crop. What were the spring-fields are now again ploughed and put into wheat. As soon as the first frost spoils the vines, the sweet-potatoes and the peanuts are taken out of the ground. This then ends the year's work. The winter months are leisure time and very few farmers redeem them to their best advantage.

But village life has a social side that substitutes in part for advantages enjoyed by country folks of other lands. There is no newspaper, but somebody has just returned from the outside with the news. While the villager takes his meal he sits down in front of his door right on the side of the street. Before the meal is over, all news have traveled along the street by wireless with full comments. There are also ever so many weddings coming off during this leisure time. In order to fetch





Street Scene



**On the Threshing Floor**



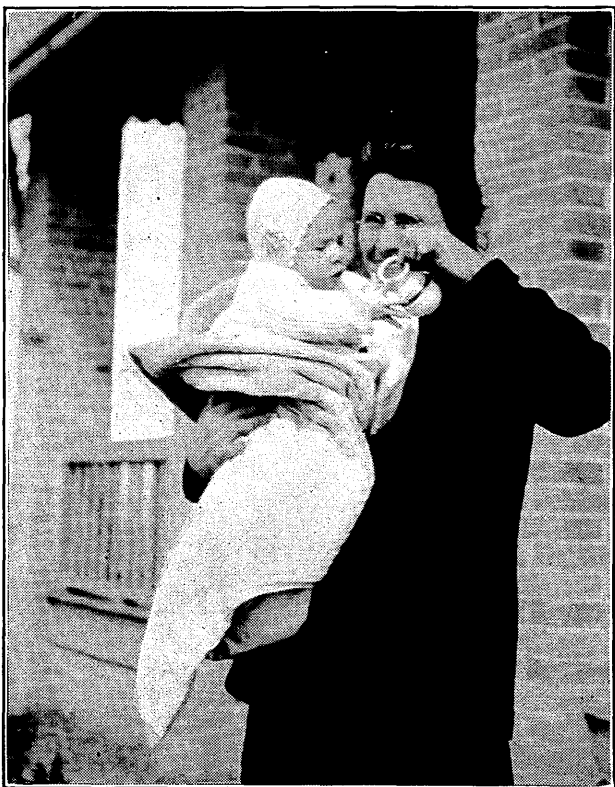
the bride the groom goes either with two wagons or with two sedan chairs. Generally a brass band accompanies him. In return a party from the bride's side escorts her to her mother-in-law. In both places there are feasts given, for eating is the joy of life to these simple people. The everyday meal in the villages consist of black bread, sweet potatoes, and some kind of porridge, generally of cheaper grain. But on special occasions white bread, noodles, meat and different kinds of vegetables are used.

The funerals also take a good deal of the farmers' time. But what is worse they cannot be shifted into the less busy season. The expense of the funeral depends on the social position of the family; that, of course, includes their material possessions. Some times a stingy fellow would like to get away with less expenses; but there are always people that find ways and means of making this hard for him. My! How dreary life would be for some of these folks, if there was not a funeral once in a while. The oldest son is required to escort the soul of the deceased into the temple and he is also required to regularly perform ancestry worship. The dead are depending on the living ones to take care of them; therefore to be sonless is an awful calamity.

In our family two sons died. This left us one daughter, but later another daughter came into the family. The Chinese watched us getting grey, and became concerned about our lot; and even the Christian circles had their scruples over this. When less than two years ago the Lord saw fit to give us another son,

the whole community almost went wild. Old grandmothers would come and with tears in their eyes tell Maria how they had been praying for her. Gentlemen, while congratulating, would remark: "This is the way that it ought to be." Of course our whole family was happy too, but even if the son had not come, we could not have been unhappy with two such fine daughters.





**We have prayed for you**



## TWO STICKERS

There are some things aside from religion in the life and custom of the Chinese, that are very hard to change. They are used to them, and no matter what it costs, they will try to keep them up. It was quite interesting to me, when still a boy, to see the Chinaman in America with his braid hanging down his back. Twenty years ago, when I came to China as a missionary, I found myself all at once surrounded by these "pigtailed." Every man wore one, and the longer and heavier the better. He would shave his forehead, leaving about half the hair of his scalp to grow as long as possible. The common people seemed not to know the origin of this custom; but from more intelligent ones I learned finally that at the time of the Manchu victory over the Chinese nation, the new rulers required of the people to grow them as a sign of subjection. Seventeen years ago the Manchus were put out of office and a "republican" form of government was established. One of the first orders of reform was, that the male Chinese were to cut off their braids. However it was immensely interesting to observe their reactions. They flatly ignored the order. Besides the soldiers and a few people in office everybody continued to dangle his braid.

Did they still cling to the old government, or why was it that they neglected to observe the order for this sign of liberation, and that in a patriotic spirit? A

German proverb says: "Der Mensch ist ein Gewohnheitstier," and so it was. They had become accustomed to the braid and had fallen in love with it. Instead that the braid was attached to the man, the man had become attached to the braid. The government became quite persistent, but still many people would not obey. The officials then sent out soldiers with sheers to watch the gates of the cities. Anybody passing through the gates and still having a braid received a "haircut" free of charge. But even at that I find after these seventeen years of reform, that still many men have braids. But how did they escape the official hand? Well, they were country folks, and whenever there spread a rumor of aggressive enforcement, they simply rolled the braid high on top around the head and put a big cap or hat on top of it; but wherever possible they would avoid the city gates altogether. I had some experiences, when I used common labor. The country lads were only too eager to help me out, but as soon as their work required them to pass through the city gate, they would all strike on me; and no matter how big the monetary compensation, they flatly refused, as if it meant their execution.

Take the foot binding custom. Many globe trotters have reported and even recorded it in books, that foot binding is a matter of the past, and that it has disappeared long since. The truth, however, is that there are still some women in the sea port cities that keep up this custom, although in these places of constant foreign contact this custom has given way to more humane procedures. In the South again the people have al-

ways been more progressive and generally speaking have been more open to changes; but in our district in Chihli and in the surrounding provinces foot binding is as strictly observed as some twenty years ago. The Manchus never bound feet, but they are few in number. The Protestant Christians were supposed to leave foot binding alone; but so strong was the custom and so great the temptation, that in order to prevent it, the church authorities found it quite necessary to have the young girls to come to the boarding.

The government officials have again and again given orders to have all feet unbound and to discontinue with the evil custom entirely. What is the result? There has been no stop to it; even a threatened punishment will not convince the parents of the necessity for a change. The people have a wonderful way of putting the blame on the next fellow. If a father is taken to an account, he excuses himself in that the mother of the girl or even his own mother is responsible for it. To put the responsibility on his wife is not very logical since he keeps her under his full control; but it is quite different with his mother; she is very much honored and has "the last word to say." But if the mother or grandmother of the girl are approached for binding or for not unbinding the girl's feet, as the case may be, they again put the responsibility upon the girl's future mother-in-law. Mind you, the girl has as yet not been married, but since the engagement has been made, it becomes the parents to raise the daughter in such a way that she will be acceptable to the mother-in-law. Sometimes the reason for not sending the girl to

school too is that the mother-in-law does not favor it. And there is an idea about the foot binding that is very hard to overcome, namely that the smaller a woman's feet are the prettier she is. The girls want to be beautiful and so do the young women; even the older women want the younger ones to be pretty. Far be it from me to condemn the Chinese as being the only ones, that harm and disfigure their bodies in order to appear pretty. Many Western ladies have had shoe gear and consequently spoilt feet; but the desire to be pretty does not only demand sacrifice in crippling up a woman's feet, but also brings harm to other parts. In India, where the women and men alike go barefooted, and where they would be disgusted if anyone should even demand that they wear shoes much less bind their feet, I have seen them put so many heavy rings on their ankles, that walking becomes very difficult. Then again they put a number of earrings all over the ears, and what is still worse, they hang a big ring on their nose; so big that it constantly interferes with eating and talking.

But so far I have not explained the foot binding in any detail. When a girl is from seven to nine years old, the mother takes a long strip of cloth about two inches wide. She now takes the girl's foot in her hand, and while leaving the big toe as it is, she bends the four toes under and cramps them against the sole of the foot. While keeping them still in this position, she begins to wind this strip of cloth around the tip of the big toe, and slowly she takes in the other toes, which are still in that bent-over position; and finally the whole foot



**Musicians**

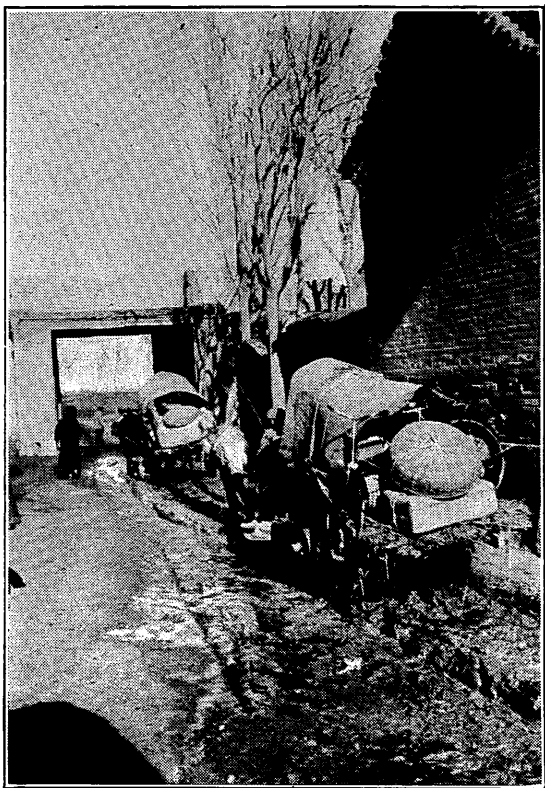




is taken in, and last the heel is tightly pressed forward and also included in the bandage. The idea is to keep the foot from growing. This bandage must therefore not be loosened, but rather once in awhile retightened. The child often cries day and night, but no relief can be given. The result is, that by the time that the girl is grown up, the feet are still small, but they are badly crippled up, so that they do not resemble human feet at all. I have had occasion in dispensary work to examine some of these feet. The four smaller toes had disappeared entirely. All that could be seen of them was just a faint print of them on the sole of the foot. It looked more like as if a pencil mark had been made there. In one word, her feet are so crippled up that it is very hard for her to walk. In fact she walks like on stilts. You can know a woman from afar by her gait. Everybody knows that foot binding makes her life handicapped, but for beauty one has to pay the price.

## TRANSPORTATION

What China lacks most is good transportation. Comparing the size of this land with that of other countries, one would expect more railways. The few lines that exist have been built by foreign capital and foreign engineers. The Peking-Hankow line was built by the French, the Tientsin-Pukow line by the English and German, the Lunghai by the Belgians, and so one can continue to follow the foreign capital and foreign supervision up. These are all called the Chinese government railroads, since the government borrowed the capital and is to pay off all these loans out of the income, and then finally take over the full supervision. In peaceful times the railroad traffic is heavy, and there are good profits. However the military forces greatly interfere with the management, and they often forcibly collect the funds. During the recent years the railways are simply going to ruins. Where trains are running, the military demands the income, even to the extent that the employees do not get their wages, unless they simply charge more for the tickets. Nowadays the greater part of them are not used for traffic at all, for the military leaders have taken possession of them in order to transport troops; and even from those sections, where there is no fighting, they have taken away most of the rolling stock for living quarters for the troops.



**Mule-carts**



On the Tientsin-Pukow line there was a few years ago one of the finest express train system in the world, called the Blue Express. Twice a week this train with all modern conveniences left Peking for Nanking and vice versa. The minister of communication that introduced that train lost his job for being so free with public funds; but his idea about good traveling facilities was greatly appreciated by both the foreign and the better Chinese elements. But what has war done to the Blue Express? It has taken away for military use most of the coaches and engines. What there is left to run for short stretches is in ruins. The Peking-Hankow line has its track and rolling stock so ruined, that to repair it now will cost more than when it originally was constructed.

The public finds the inconveniences of travel very difficult. For where trains are running, they do so without schedule, so that the passengers to be have to sit and wait at the depot for hours and hours, and can only get their tickets when the train has left the last station. All these trains are always overcrowded, so that it is impossible to move from place to place inside the cars. The steps on the cars are also crowded, and the top of the cars is just covered with people. All rates have been raised, and to transport goods is either impossible or else enormous sums of money must be paid. The manager of a milling company told me that they were losing, but that they dared not close down, because they still had the wheat on hand, and the military leaders would surely arrest the executive committee as disloyal if they did. As to the flour itself, the

military already sent in two big orders, but in each case paid only one-half or a little more. The company tried to procure cars to haul the flour to Peking, but besides the already high rates the general manager asked for a premium of five hundred dollars on each car. At first the company refused, but later found itself going from worse to worst, and thus sent a delegate to close the deal; but to its dismay found that the premium had now been raised from five hundred to one thousand and five hundred dollars.

Here and there one finds auto-bus lines connecting interior places with the railroads, but the rates are high and the service bad. Most of those roads are also used for mule carts with narrow and sharp-edged tires. This cuts the roads up very badly and makes traveling hard. Then, too, the military often commandeers these autos, so that service must be discontinued.

This leaves us then with the mule cart, which is slow and exceedingly expensive. The auto is four times as expensive as the railway, and the mule cart more than twice as high as the auto. Those that cannot afford to pay these rates still can resort to the wheelbarrow. The Hung-ch'e has a larger wheel and affords one seat on each side of the wheel. It is not very comfortable, and more used for hauling of goods. The p'ing-ch'e is a small wheelbarrow, with just enough room for one man to sit on. For wheelbarrows one generally uses two men, one to push and one to pull.

These are the traveling facilities in our district. The ox wagon is a four-wheeled one but it lacks a pole, and thus is hard to steer. It is used more locally for



Camel Caravan

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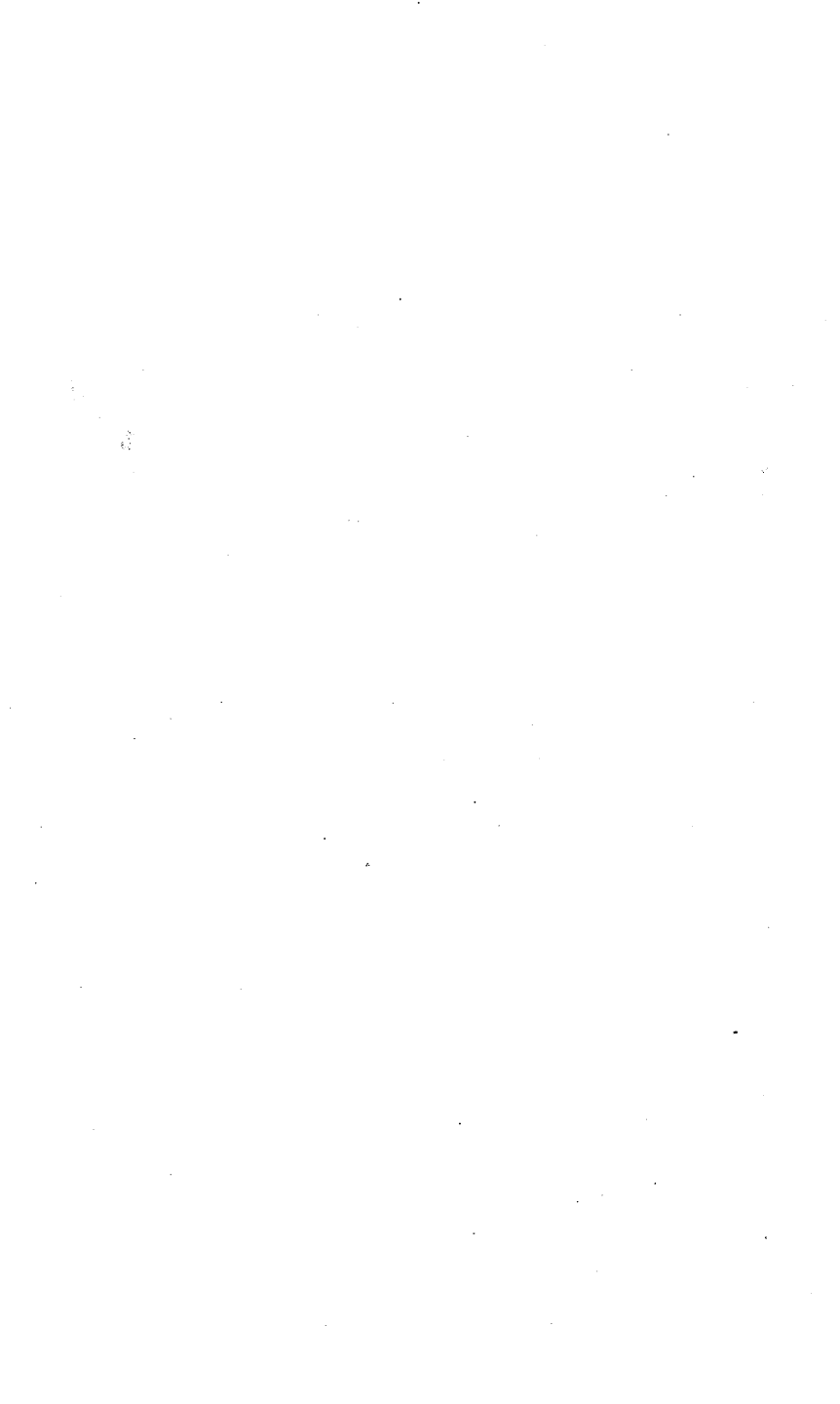
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Camel Caravan



hauling things. Of course there also is the chair, which in our part of the country is built heavily, so that it takes eight men to carry it and four or eight men more to change off. Further south there are lighter chairs made of bamboo, which can be handled with less than half that force. There are now also quite a few bicycles in use among the business men. Their handicap is that they do not afford an opportunity of taking baggage along, which is so necessary when one travels longer distances. Taking then the situation as it is. The money thus spent for slow and inconvenient travel would more than pay for first-class traveling facilities if only order would be restored, and the government could find time for this so necessary a reconstruction.

## THE CHINESE THEATRE

In every Chinese town or village plays are acted all the year round. In the big cities the theatres are always full; in the small towns and villages the plays are generally acted in the middle of the road by traveling companies, who bring their properties with them. The site chosen are often in front of temples, so that the gods can get a good view. The general reason of the theatres in the villages and country places is that the Chinese people like to hear them. To many it is about the only history lesson that they have ever gotten, but I doubt very much that history knowledge is the thing most desired. The people like to hear noise and see performance, and since all theatres give both, they are much appreciated. On any great national day the public will be looking for a play. Sometimes there are droughts or floods and public subscriptions are taken for theatre performances to appease the gods. Then, too, protective organizations against theft in the grain or cotton fields will give a play for the benefit of the poor, and thus persuade them from stealing. On special occasions in honor of the dead, and also on many other occasions plays are given by individuals. Sometimes a person, a clan or a village loses in a controversy, and as a punishment a theatrical play has to be given. It is a matter of fact, that large sums of money are spent in this direction. There is hardly a time in a



**The Mission Ford**



circle of ten-mile radius, that there are not several plays going on at the same time. The Christians generally refuse to pay their share of the subscriptions, and do not care to attend these performances. But this often causes trouble with the other neighbors and especially with the officers, that arrange for the theatre.

Most Chinese plays are operatic, with talking and singing in them, and the greatest actors are those who can either sing or dance well. The drama as such has been known to the Chinese only since the thirteenth or fourteenth century and was introduced by the mongols; but the ballet has been known since the day of Confucius. Dances were held in honor of the gods, songs were sung and gradually a regular semi-religious performance was evolved. With the play a new era opened. The idea still was that of a "spectacle" to delight the gods, but now stories were introduced, all with one object, namely to emphasize the greatness of the Chinese people and their gods. In every play there was a wicked "barbarian," who wore a hideous mask, and was eventually outwitted by the hero's scrupulous observance of the precepts of the Chinese sages. This form of play stimulated a wide-pread hatred of all "barbarians," or foreigners, which, though originally directed against the Mongols and Tartars, has now in many places been turned against Modern "barbarians" from Europe. In many places when there was strong feeling against the Japanese these plays would have a Japanese character on the platform. Then again when there was strong anti-British propaganda, one would see British characters in the play.

The old plays written hundreds of years ago are still the plays of today. Everyone in the audience knows the plot, and most of the words before he goes to hear it. But they enjoy it greatly. It is like my little son Silas, who always coaxed his sister to tell a story, who in return would ask, "What story?", and invariably he would say "The story about the lion and the mouse." Now, he knew the story by heart, for it had been told so often, but it was always fresh and new, for the more he heard it the better he liked it.

Acting in consequence consists in the making of formal gestures to represent certain actions and emotions; there is no attempt to make a play realistic. All gestures have become crystallized to such an extent that there is a definite gesture for every emotion. Thus the whole interest of the play lies in the presentation of what is really a very slow stately ballet, designed rather to delight the eyes than to excite emotion.

Here it is that the orchestra comes in. Besides accompanying the singers, it has to beat time for almost every movement of the actors. A man raises his hand, the cymbals clash together; he takes a step forward, the gong is rung; he finishes a phrase, a drum is beaten. While not every movement and phrase is thus punctuated, all Chinese love a noise, and they will sit for hours and hours listening to gongs and drums going incessantly. The violin, and the castanets or the flute accompanying the singers, though occasionally the drums join in, and the cymbals, drums and gong mark the movement of the actors. Thus at almost every





**"Tell me a Story"**

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"Tell me a Story"



moment some instrument is at work. This is not music, but a terrible noise. It is one of the hardest things that touch the ears of the foreigners.

The Chinese actor moves as no European or American. He glides about the stage. In the interior of the country women could not well go on the stage for their feet are so crippled up by that awful custom of foot binding, that they are slow, clumsy, and cannot stand the strain. It is always a man in a woman's dress, that presents her part. They are indistinguishable from women when they are on the stage. Faces, figures, gestures, and even voices are those of women. The Chinese women as a rule are beautiful, and the men in woman's dress on the stage bring a good representation of her; but the high-pitched voice can be anything but beautiful. All Chinese singing, both of male and female parts, is done not from the chest but from the throat, so that the sound is apt to be thin and rather strangled. There are other important parts besides those of female impersonators. There is the general, or "Man of great courage." His piece of resistance is the sword dance, or the duel. With long wooden spears the fighters whirl round and round, jump and perform all kinds of feats, and all to the beat of the drum.

Chinese plays are very short, and thus they play a number of them in one night, for the people gladly stand till midnight in the open and listen patiently. Since all plays were written long ago, their characters are well known and each has its own recognized costume, which, with the gestures, makes up for the

lacking stage properties. To give an example, a man walks on the stage with what is known as a whip in his hand, it is nothing like an ordinary whip, but is the whip used when those plays were written. The audience at once knows that the man is riding. If the actor steps high up, he is climbing some steps, and if he stoops, he is entering a door.

## JUSTICE AND CRUELTY

Some one has said that the Chinese want justice. All that they are asking at the hand of foreign nations and all that they are asking of their own officials is justice. With this it is like with so many other things. You can say YES and NO at the same time. This chapter is not to deal with the international problem, but rather shall illuminate the situation under which a Chinaman in the interior has to live. Every county has its official, whose duty it is to keep the peace and deal out justice. He lives in the courthouse called yamen. The Chinese have a proverb that says: "Every yamen faces the south; if you have justice on your side, but not money, please do not enter in." This truly sets forth how Chinese justice is dispensed at the hands of officialdom. The one that has the greater influence and usually the most money to spend, carries the case. Take the opium traffic, which has enormously increased during the last ten years. Formerly the officials still dared to arrest such dealers and punish them; but now no such cases are accepted and if they are, the accused pays a bribe and is set free. The Anti-Opium League had an agent here during part of this year but he found it utterly impossible to work. In the whole city there was not one government official that encouraged him, or promised to support the cause. Years ago opium smoking was carried on secretly, but

now openly. A month ago I was invited to the yamen for my farewell dinner. During those hours the chief custom officers of the district smoked opium right in the reception room of the courthouse.

The old system of yamen runners is still continued. Just as soon as a warrant is issued, these runners go out and arrest the accused. His case may be such that no arrest is required, but they are taking him in for the trial anyway. At his home he has to feed them, and besides pay them for the trip. Upon reaching the yamen he finds that his case is not up yet, so he must wait. During these waiting days the runners use all kinds of ways to get money out of him. If he gets tired of waiting and goes home, the runners immediately follow him up, telling him that his case is now up before the magistrate. Again he must feed them and pay them for the trip. I have seen people who were thus molested for weeks and some for months. They had to go to a lot of expense, but their case was always postponed. I have also seen people arrested and kept in confinement for a long time without any trial whatsoever. Others had a preliminary trial and all of these were confined in the inner prison. All their better clothes were taken away by the care-keepers (?). No food was furnished and of the food that the relatives brought them, they never got more than a small portion. The prison care-keepers demanded money from them, and if this was not given, the most inhuman and cruel treatment was their lot. All the prisoners were chained down to one big beam for the night. Generally so close and so tight that they couldn't move. Nor



were they relieved for their toilet necessities. In their own and that of the next fellow's urine and stool they had to lie. Often in order to especially torture somebody because he failed to produce the demanded money, the care-keeper would so chain him down, that his face must come close to the stench of the other prisoner. Just think of these conditions in the hot summer months. I have seen them chained down like this, and their bodies all covered with itch, vermin and what not. Some people do not believe in hell, but I have seen conditions that looked very much like hell to me. It is very kind to have a model prison in Peking, and to show foreigners around, but the prison in the interior is an entirely different thing.

Let me add another matter. Take any respectable person; if he is brought to court he has to kneel before the magistrate. If the judge cannot get a desired confession, he resorts to torture, generally beating. I have seen and treated people whose skin was beaten off their backs. Mind you, not as a punishment, but as a means of getting a confession out of the accused. Many people do not fear justice, but they fear these courts, because they are the most unjust and cruel institutions that can be found. Some times a prisoner is poor, and the runners find it hard to get money out of him. So they suggest that he might give them a name of a well-to-do person, that might have been implicated in the case. Immediately they hunt up the person, telling him that he is suspected and must come along for trial. Generally such a person hates to have his name associated with a criminal case. He

rather prefers to pay a nominal sum of money and have the matter dropped. This just suits the runners.

The bandits come out in big hords and spoil the country. They carry off many people for ransom. The people build walls around their villages, but still are not able to protect themselves. Since they have faithfully paid their regular taxes, the military taxes and besides have provided grain and flour for the army, they now in their dire distress appeal to the authorities for protection. But the garrison in town does not dare to come outside the city wall. If things get too bad in the country, they close the city gates tightly, and try to keep the city. I have stayed over night inside the city, while right outside of the gate in the suburbs the robbers plundered and carried off some people for ransom. The soldiers on the wall and city gate got quite excited but they never thought of going out to the rescue of those poor civilians. Even in the morning they waited until the sun was way up before they dared to open the city gates.

Many people in their despair enter the Red Spear or the Big Knife Societies. In some places they have rendered good services, too, but in other places they have degenerated into robber bands. Formerly I have noticed that these societies would capture robbers and then deliver them to the authorities but this last year I heard that they generally meted out the punishment themselves. I protested, saying that this approached anarchy. But the people's reply was that it was of no use to deliver robbers to the officials, for they either would not dare to execute them or else they would re-

ceive bribes and release them. The situation has become so bad, that the people have lost all faith in government and government officials. They cannot expect justice any more.

## BANDITRY

Anyone that has to any extent read the newspapers during the last ten or twenty years knows how bandit-ridden China is. The last few years the conditions have gotten decidedly worse. There are a number of reasons for the existence of these hordes of robbers. On the government side, unstable government and the corruption of officialdom are generally admitted as the main causes. On the side of the robber himself, one can detect several causes: one outstanding one is the disbanding of soldiers without any provision of livelihood for them, and sometimes they return by themselves, because the life of a soldier without regular pay is no easy one. They have had to depend more or less on looting and stealing of some kind during their years of service. Now they have, so to say, graduated and like to put up independent practice or to go into partnership. Then last but not least is their home conditions of poverty, which require some way of obtaining funds.

Revolution and civil war do not and cannot lift the moral standard of a people; but on the contrary, they degrade the people. The World War has given every country concerned a good lesson. Even America, that came in rather late, had its sad experiences. Some of our great men of today are still seeing the fruit of the war in the decline of moral standards

among the young people of this generation in our own country. I have heard ministers of different denominations, with tears in their eyes, deplore the conditions after our boys came back from the front. Their standards had so changed that they could not fit in with the people at home. If this can happen to Christian boys with Christian homes, what can we expect of boys coming from non-Christian homes of the interior of China, where moral standards are much lower? The present conditions of the country have greatly increased the numbers of bandits, and they have made them more daring, too. Take their doings in the foreign city of Shanghai as an example of their boldness. In the face of all the police with foreign authority hold-ups and robbery have become so frequent, that officials are perplexed what to do in order to stop them. On the M. S. Fulda, leaving Shanghai for India, I found two persons that at different times had been robbed on the streets of Shanghai. One even traveled in a group of seven when the holdup and robbery was committed in the middle of the street. They were cruelly beaten senseless and then robbed. I visited one of the chief bankers of Shanghai. He frankly told me, that the situation had gotten so bad, that the board of directors of his bank was seriously considering how to protect its compradore from being carried off for ransom. Many foreigners, business men and missionaries alike, have in the last ten years been captivated and held for ransom. In the majority of cases big ransoms could only effect the release, some even have been cruelly put to death.

During the first years of my work in the interior I had of necessity to travel much through robber-infested territory, but these people never troubled me. I had committed my way unto the Lord, and felt it my duty to go on with my work regardless of the disturbances and somehow the Lord put it into the hearts of the bandits to leave me alone. I say this simply as a testimony to the goodness of God, and not to discredit anyone that did fall a prey to them. If I had been better prepared to serve among the bandits, maybe the Lord would have seen fit to put me to a term of service under their supervision; but now I was left free to follow my occupation as a missionary. There is one experience in this connection that I should like to relate. It happened only about three years ago.

Seven miles from here across the Honan boarder there is a village with two of our Mission Schools. One day two fellows came to one of the Christian's home and requested to see the head of the family. The man was not at home, so they took his secretary and all the money that they could lay their hands on to their headquarters in a nearby market place. They claimed to be opium detectives and that this Christian had to do something with opium. They knew that he is a well-to-do man, and that shortly before he had been carried off by bandits, and finally come out by paying three thousand dollars. These fellows now demanded one thousand dollars. I found the people in the village very scared, and our schools were on the point of being broken up. I therefore decided to intercede. After special prayer as to the way of procedure,

I was convinced that nothing less than my entering the bandit den would bring the required result. Thus I decided to arrange a trip through that village and visit the peculiar "agency". The roads were still too bad for the Ford car, and so the mule cart had to serve. I further took two men with me, and had the rig stop right in front of the main door. On stepping off I bid my men to follow me. Upon entering the yard we passed several men dressed in soldier uniform, but we lost no time but pressed forward until we reached the main building of the courtyard. Two men in uniform again met us at the door. I demanded to see their leader, Mr. Chou. He happened to be resting on a couch, still being tired from making raids the previous night. While he was getting on his legs, I shortly introduced myself, and told him, that he was immediately to follow me to Hua Hsien, which is the county seat of the district. He hesitated somewhat, excusing himself that everything was all right and that his head office was in Hua Hsien. I ordered him to get the prisoner, Mr. Ching, and follow me immediately. He consented, but pretended that he had to get ready first.

While these men were running back and forth in the room, I had my eyes on them, for I knew, that they had at least two pistols in their possession, and whenever they needed more they got them from the nearby soldier camp. Daily they made the prisoners kneel before them; standing with weapons in their hands they threatened to kill them, if the demanded amount would not be forthcoming. What could I have done, if they

would have pointed those deadly things at me? Well, I had the assurance that the Lord wanted me to go there, and thus I could trust Him to protect me. I stood defenseless before them, but it was wonderful how the fear of the Lord was upon them, so that these five or six men dared not oppose me. I took the captive and captor both on my wagon and went to the village, where the outrage had taken place. Once Mr. Chou jumped off my wagon and wanted to escape, but my stern command brought him back on the wagon again. After calling the school board and the head men of the village together, I handed over the robber to them to be taken to the county official for trial and punishment. Thus having accomplished this, I continued my trip of school inspection. The official put three of those fellows in jail, and the rest quickly left the district. Thus the country became quiet again.

Several years ago besides from petty thefts the average man had nothing to fear from these evil characters, but now it is different. If a man owns a five or ten acres of land, he is considered rich enough to be carried off for ransom. These bands are quite well informed of the general conditions, they are well organized, and they have representatives in most of the villages. Generally bad characters of any village will join up with the robbers. Of course it is done secretly. During the day they usually stay at home, but during the night they go out and create terror, not alone but in full number. I use the word terror because that exactly describes their work. Through the local bad characters the band has gotten the necessary infor-



mation, so that they exactly know how each one in a certain village is fixed financially. They also know the details of the persons, whose home they intend to raid. The attack is connected with much shooting and often with killing, too. Often houses are set on fire. This devastation is done to scare people into submission, and thus to prevent counter-attacks.

Persons that resist are cruelly dealt with. If the family has a two-story house and the family flees upstairs, the robbers use threats of setting the house on fire, and some times they really do fill the lower rooms with straw and let the whole thing go up in ashes. They cannot expect to find much money in the house, and so they hardly ever look for it; but there are times when they do take everything of service anyway. But generally they want something better; they want people. The head of the house is generally the most desired one, but to be able to carry off some-one's old father or mother is quite as good, because by filial obligation the son is bound to go to the utmost in order to save his parents. The wife is also often carried off, especially if she has larger children, who, even if their father was slow to take action, must try their very best to save the life of the mother.

The raids are generally made in such a rush, that the captives have no time to provide themselves with the necessary clothes. I have known people who were just undressing when the robbers stormed their home, and there was no time allowed them for dressing, but half dressed, one shoe on, the other off, they were marched away. Usually the family is very much

concerned about the missing member, but the bandits leave no clue, where he might be found. Since these robber bands separate and go to their respective homes before daybreak, they have to hide the captives during the day. In different villages they have in the yards of their members holes dug out in the ground. Into these holes the prisoners are put for a day or two, and then they are again shifted in the dark. The captive, of course, never knows where he is. His people try to search for him, but being unable to trace him, they generally are directed to some one who might help them. He, however, will not consent to give his services unless a written promise is made that nobody shall ever connect him with the kidnapping. This being done, he consults with the bandits and their demand becomes known. Generally the amount asked is much more than the family can afford to pay, so it will plea for a reduction. If the ransom is not forthcoming, the prisoners are cruelly treated and finally put to death.

Some times the money arrives too late to save the lives of the captives. Our neighbor was 'carried off, and because his son was so slow in coming to an agreement, the word came that he could now have his father for burial, but even to get the dead body back cost him a thousand dollars. Another family was trying to release the mother. After the ransom had been agreed upon, they found it difficult to raise the money. At last the amount was there. They handed the money to the robbers, who pointed out the place, where the woman was to be sleeping under a tree. When they got there,

they saw her lying there covered up; but when the cover was taken off, it was found that the bandits had already hacked her body into pieces. By all that has been said in this chapter one might think, that the bandits live well; but no, they have a hard time and live on poor food for they are many.

## THE ODD ONE

I have noticed both children and grown-ups, that did not fit in; if children, they found themselves isolated from other children, or in the case of grown-ups they could not enjoy themselves in some social gatherings. While other people seemed most happy and noisy, they would be more reticent and quiet, and often even entirely withdrawing from the scene. Man is a spiritually inclined being; and very often one finds these phenomena, which are very difficult to explain on other grounds, become simple and clear, if the spiritual side is given its place.

Joseph was called a dreamer by his brothers, and some of us have been called dreamers too, but that touches hardly the skin of the matter. There are people that dream even by daylight; but there are also those who cannot even sleep by night. Permit me at any rate to give some of my experiences. Whether they interest or do not interest you, and further whether they throw any light upon the subjects as you see it, I cannot tell. To me however they were real and most impressive. Take the matter of raffling things off: I never could conscientiously take part in that. To me it seemed that there was something in it that did not seem straight and honest business. Others found their joy in those things and wanted me to take part, but although it was hard to give a clear reason for the

negative position, my conscience remained undefiled as long as I steered clear of those things.

During my school days the literary societies with their programs often disturbed my mind and made my heart heavy, because some work rendered was, to say the least, not for the benefit of the better side of human nature. The high school graduating class had as class play Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The play was held for the financial benefit of the class; and, of course, everybody of the class was expected to be present and encourage the project. I also bought the ticket and sat there for a few minutes, but later I quietly slipped out. In gatherings where people felt free to use loose language and crack vulgar jokes, I never found enjoyment. If I had to be present, they were a burden to me; and I fear that I may have been a burden to some of the rest.

I may have been judged by some as a fellow that did not know how to enjoy company. But let me here frankly state, that there was some company that I did enjoy, some social gatherings that just made me happy. Further, don't let any one think that the odd fellow, if you care to use that expression, has no friends. I, too, had some close friends of both sexes. Friends that were as dear as jewels to me. They understood me and I understood them. There was union and harmony. Sometimes we would sit on the house steps during the quietude of the evening hours, even till deep in the night, talking of heavenly visions and future hopes. Even the stars seemed to look down upon us and bless us.

My greatest difficulties have never been in the worldly circles. If one is not of the world, one simply avoids such company, or where dodging is impossible, one endures them; but it is quite different when it comes to one's own circles, that is to people of like standing, from whom one has a right to expect a higher standard. I know not just why, but it often happens, that just when one is going through the deepest and saddest experiences, some one, to be sure with good intentions, will interfere and thus make things much worse, even to the point of heart breaking.

Here is an illustration of what I mean. I had a Christian assistant, who had been with me for a number of years, and I loved the man and thought highly of him. A famine was spreading over the K'ai Chou district, and we had to undertake relief work. Many people starved and many more suffered severely. We arranged with the local grain dealers a system of relief work in that we bought large quantities of grain from them, but instead of having the grain transported to our place, we left it right with the dealers. In return we took tickets from them in bushel denominations, which we used for distribution among the suffering multitudes. Each ticket entitled the holder to a certain amount of grain, which he could procure by presenting the ticket to the grain dealer. After several months of strenuous work and before the situation had improved, it became known that this assistant, in whom I had of necessity to put much trust, had worked the grain dealers behind my back and had squeezed a goodly amount of money out of them as a premium on

all the grain that I had personally bought. When we heard this Maria and I were simply heart-broken. On top of the strain of months of hard work without any relaxation came this heavy grief of having a trusted Christian assistant, for whom we had had great hopes, turn bad.

In those days food did not taste good anymore. There was no thought of eating or resting, for we were in agony before the Lord. I well remember how I walked the open during the dark evening hours, pouring my heart of sorrow out before the Lord. I had already experienced the sorrow of having to give up father and mother, but this grief seemed far bigger and much harder to bear than either of those. Just at that time, while I was still praying, there came an invitation to attend an evening social with a group of other missionaries. Not to accept would be misconstrued and cause bad feelings, consequently for the sake of the others we attended. We tried to keep ourselves in control and would not mention our sorrow, but nevertheless we were openly reproved for being so stern and unsociable.

While holding responsible positions in the Mission, I have often encountered some hard problems, but just as soon as I was convinced what my duties were, I went right at them and did my work to the best of my knowledge and ability. But often I found afterward, that the very action produced only by special strain and sacrifice on my part, was construed by some of my friends and associates as being done with ulterior motives. I exerted myself to do my duty, be it ever so

hard; but after even this extra sacrifice I was reproached for being proud, selfish and inconsiderate to my fellow man. If this accusation had come from the outside, it would have been different and easier to bear, but now it nigh broke my heart. It is true, there are times that one is between two obligations. Friends and associates ought to be taken into consideration and their desires, if possible, met, but on the other hand there is one's work, which one has chosen and which because it has been fully intrusted into one's care, one is under obligation to look upon as one's first duty. As much as one would like to please and favor his friends, duty comes first. This very fact has sometimes given me great pain. On one hand I saw my duty clearly outlined, but on the other there were my friends, who asked for special consideration. Duty demanded one thing and friendship another. My principle has been and still is, "Duty First!" But we sometimes get into very close corners. Duty looks square into our face and sternly demands our time and strength, sometimes even up to life or death. If we are true and faithful, we dare not dodge; but at the same time we cannot but recognize that our friends have a claim on us, and they will not be slighted. If time and attention for them is not forth-coming, they may consider us indifferent, proud or even disloyal.

Sometimes I have had the greatest difficulty in making a final decision to stick to duty no matter what might come. In doing so I went through severe pains, for I feared that someone that I loved dearly, would misinterpret my action; and so it was, too, someone



would feel hurt and consider my dealings improper. It thus could only mean one thing for me, pain heaped upon pain and sorrow upon sorrow. The simplicity of sticking to my work had earned me the distinction of being the odd one that did not fit into the social group.

Once in awhile there appears a person who feels and sees as we feel and see. This becomes a great encouragement. At other times again one is the only one, for everybody else looks at the matter from another angle. It seems that only we are so conservative and apparently narrow. Therefore it almost seems as if we were the sole cause of our misery. But nevertheless, if one is really sincere in his way, it is far better not to defile one's conscience, but to be true to one's calling, may come what will. If there is no human friend that will stand true, there still is the Lord Jesus, who is far more precious than any earthly friend can ever be. When we come to Him, He fully understands our situation, and always has a remedy ready for our troubles. When we go through trials, He deeply sympathizes with us, comforts our hearts and gives us strength to bear it graciously. One author sings: "He is precious, oh, so precious to me!" And surely, the more time we take in fellowship with Him, the dearer He becomes as a counsellor and friend. He can console us, comfort our weary hearts and give us strength to go on bearing the burden gladly, as if nothing had happened. I have sometimes in my sorrow said to the Lord: "Thou knowest, that I really meant to be faithful and to do my very best, but now I am misjudged, people doubt me or even revile me for it. What shall I do?"

Search me, Lord, and see whether I am on a false road, and lead me Thine eternal way!" A full surrender to the Lord in hours of testing always brings peace and even joy into our life. After all it matters not so much, what people take us to be, but what we really are. Man looks upon the outer appearance, but God looks into the heart.

"A wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord,  
A wonderful Savior to me,  
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
Where rivers of pleasures I see.

"He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock  
That shadows a dry, thirsty land:  
He hideth my soul in the depths of His love,  
And covers me there with His hand.

"A wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord,  
He taketh my burden away,  
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
He giveth me strength as my day."

## OUR BODIES AS A LIVING SACRIFICE

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and many Christians from far and near had arrived for the services. Through hymns, scripture and prayer the hearts of the people had been prepared for the message. The minister Liu gave the text as Romans 12:1 "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Our bodies as a living sacrifice! What a theme! The speaker enthusiastically expounded his text, and brought out many good points that were well worth taking home. But what concerned myself, I was lost in my own thoughts. This one phrase, "Our bodies as a living sacrifice" struck me so forcibly, that I could not get rid of it. The more I meditated upon it, the deeper it impressed me. I simply could not get rid of it.

Again we sat around a bountiful dinner table. Miss Goertz was our Sunday company. Maria with the daughters Linda and Jessie were also sitting around the table. Somehow their eyes were all fixed upon me, and they expectantly watched me. "We better pack up and move on," I said. The expression on my face must have brought force to the seriousness of the thought, for no one thought of doubting my sincerity. In a moment all eyes were therefore fixed on me and simultaneously all joined in the question, "Why?" So I continued,

"Look at our comfortable home, our diet, our vegetable garden, we have two milch cows which supply us with butter and milk. It is true, that we are working for the Lord, but in what way are we bringing sacrifices? Surely none of us can claim that we are living sacrifices." To me it seemed clear, that there was only one way out, namely that we pack up and move to a place where we can be living sacrifices for our Lord and Master that loved us and died for us.

The Summer Institute had just been closed. It gave us two weeks' breathing time before the schools for the fall term had to be opened. Of course repairs had to be made, and besides that we were to visit the out-stations. This was right after the heavy rains, the roads were therefore quite muddy yet and in many places there was still water. Thus it was impossible to use the auto. So we had to make our trip on the mule cart. I had to use at least five days for the round trip, because the places are far apart. From early in the morning till late at night I was busy, either traveling or doing some business at the stations. The food I had to cook for myself, or where time would not allow this, bread bought from the street and hot water had to stand for a meal. Good inns are scarce. Generally speaking the guest-room in the country is a small mud hut with donkeys and pigs to give one company. When I at last reached home again, it seemed to me that there might, after all, be a sacrifice in this kind of work. But being pressed with so much other work, the matter rested here for the time being.

It was fall again, and time for Linda to go to

Chikungshan to her school had come. This place is a summer resort in the Honan Province, about half way down towards Hankow. Notwithstanding that we are one day's journey from the railroad, it is possible to reach this place in three days. My idea was to go on further to Hankow in order to transact some business. At the station Hantan we waited almost twenty-four hours for our train. There were some other trains passing through, but they were freighters, loaded with soldiers. We were waiting for a passenger train with dining car annext. Information is not to be had and tickets are not sold until the train has left the last station. At last the hour came, the train arrived and we were permitted to get in. Although it was the Peking-Hankow express, it was going very slowly, for all troop trains had the right-of-way. But we finally got there and made all arrangements for Linda's stay.

The next day I intended to continue my trip toward Hankow, but to my surprise I found that no trains were running. I waited there one day and one night, but slowly the news came, that the southern army had already entered Hankow. So I went back on the hills and waited four days, but seeing that the railroad did not open, and that the northern troops were withdrawing farther north, I realized that my difficulties were increasing. The days were getting cooler, and with my light clothes I was not prepared to stay much longer. Then, too, there was heaps of work waiting on me at home. Unless I could soon find a way to get home, the work and the concern for my safety might become unbearable for Maria. The

way was not open yet, but the farther the line of battle was shifted towards the north the worse the situation might become, and it was not improbable, that I might be cut off from home connections for months. After considering well the matter and praying much over it, I was determined under all circumstances to go home. I was quite sure, that further north there would be opportunity to board a train. The postmaster also informed me that at Hsin Yang Hsien tickets were regularly sold. This place was about thirty miles away. I therefore felt encouraged to venture out.

Saturday at dawn I started on foot for Hsin Yang Hsien. The baggage and a box with glass I managed to have carried by three men. Even before we got half way down the hill, they struck on me and demanded more money. I was lucky to have a Chinese friend nearby. He helped me out, so that with a little increase the fellows agreed to go on. The road led along a valley. On both sides there were chains of mountains bordering. It was a clear day and real hot. The road was just full of defeated soldiers and fugitives. They had many stories of robbery, looting and ill-treatment to tell. People had left their possessions behind and ran away with a few things that they could carry on their back. Long walks without proper food had exhausted their strength, and on top of it all, evil men had taken advantage of their position and robbed them of the last few dollars that they carried in their pockets.

The next day about noon I arrived at Hsin Yang Chou, but to my sorrow I found that even this place was cut off from railroad service. What should I do? To

continue my journey in this fashion would be expensive, take much time and be very tough on me. I went to the railroad station to get information, but everything was now under military control. At first it seemed that try as I may there was nothing to be done; but finally I got acquainted with one of the officers, who gave me information, that there was an empty train on the track that might still leave that afternoon. I hurriedly made for the train. It was a freight train with open flat cars only. The sun was burning on our backs, and it was terribly hot; so we were practically baked, but we dared not leave the spot. The whole train soon filled up with the same kind of fugitives mentioned above. Among them I also found business people, that had been stranded on their trip, and were now trying to get back home. We estimated that there were about two thousand passengers on the train. Tickets were not sold, but everyone got on best he could.

Finally the train started. This relieved the tense feeling somewhat. I was thankful, but at the same time the future looked dark. I could not know, what still was before me, and how I should finally reach my loved ones. Formal prayers and inward turning to God changed off. We had hardly traveled three miles, then the locomotive stopped. There was a slight grade, and the thing refused to pull us up. A man on foot had to be sent back to ask for another locomotive to pull us up the grade. We had no protection from the sun and got awfully thirsty, too, but no drinking water was to be had. Finally the help came, and we were able to con-

tinue. However the delays were many. In the first place the engine was an old wornout machine; then again there were so many troop trains that went in opposite direction, which all had the right-of-way.

We traveled about three days with an average of about thirty-five miles per day. During the day we suffered from the heat and during the night from the cold, for those iron cars got so hot during the day, that one could hardly touch them with the hand, and at nights they got cold and the dew chilled us. I happened to be provided with a little bedding, but the majority had nothing whatsoever to cover themselves with. Most of the places that we traveled through, had only small villages near the station. Food and drinking water became very scarce. With great efforts I managed to procure about one bottle of boiled water per day. Just think of two thousand people being on the train. It meant great suffering. Wherever there were wells to be found, the people drank raw water, and at other places they would dip the filthy water out of ditches and drink that. I, too, had to bite my teeth suffering from thirst, but I told myself: "No, that water you cannot drink, for that would mean death for you!" Once in awhile some pears could be bought. These also helped to relieve the intense suffering.

My fellow travelers were surprised, how a foreigner could thus suffer with them. This gave me opportunity to tell them of the love of God and of Him who died for them on the cross, and had become the victor over death, and would soon come back from heaven as the prince of peace to rule over all nations. Poor people,



how they are plundered and oppressed by the military rulers! Even on our train military robbers with pistol in hand robbed during the night. It was therefore no wonder that many people could not bear the strain and died. One day five deaths were reported.

The fourth day our train got a telegram to return back immediately. The engine uncoupled and went five miles ahead to fill in water. The city Yen Ch'eng had the night before already refused entrance to our train, but the fugitives now got off the train and walked to the city. For evil or for good our minutes on that train, too, were counted, for as soon as the locomotive returned, we would have to get off. I had made friends with two men, one a business man and the other an official. I now suggested to them that we also get carriers for our baggage and walk into the city. Perchance there would be some means of proceeding from there. Hardly had we gotten our goods off the train, and while the men were getting the baggage ready for the trip, suddenly a coal-train pulled in from the rear. The day before we had already heard of its coming and wildly carried our luggage back and forth several times with hopes of boarding it.

At those times my baggage had become a heavy burden to me and if these gentlemen had not come to my assistance, I should have broken down under my burdens. But now the train had really come. In less than a minute our decision was made, and we made for the train. We dare not lose time for fear that the train might start again before we could board it. The front cars were all crowded, but in the rear car we finally

found some space. After the baggage had been hurriedly thrown on, I handed the "coolies" a dollar, which was to be divided among themselves. One-half would have been quite sufficient, but I was short of small change, and furthermore we were very happy to have gotten onto this train, which had orders to go to Shih Chia Chuang to get coal, which place was far beyond, where I had to change trains. The baggage carriers got to quarreling over the money, because I had overpaid them. Some were tempted to be dishonest and cheat the rest, but I called them back and straightened the matter up.

Now we could get our breath again. Whereas before everything looked dark and unpromising, we now seemed to be so well placed that we were in danger of being over-confident. We expected the train to start any minute, but half an hour passed by and still there was no sign of going. Everybody got restless and many inquiries were made. The train men found themselves in the same difficulties as those of the other train. Yen Ch'eng had closed her door on us and would not permit us to pass through. We wondered what the reason might be. If they were afraid of the refugees, then they surely were too late, for the greater number of the crowd had already entered the city. The majority or even all of the passengers on this train did not care to get off there, but desired to pass through and go on. Several of the officials got on the locomotive and entered the city to ask for permission to pass through. It took hours before they came back. We were all very anxious to know what the result might

be. "Go straight through without getting on or off."

Like a wireless the good news passed from car to car along the whole train. This made us all happy, for as the Israelites requested neither water nor bread but a passage through the land of the Amorites, so we asked for nothing but passage. The train had started and we were going but before we reached the border of the city the soldiers changed to civilian clothes. They told us to sit flat on the floor, so that we should not be seen from the outside. The American pride was hard to subdue, and thus the head may have remained somewhat higher, as was desirable. As soon as we had passed the switches and were on open track, the driver gave full speed and thus we went a thundering through the city. At the railroad station there was a big crowd awaiting us. Most of them seemed to be soldiers, but they had no firearms. Wildly they stormed at the train. They howled like a big pack of wolves, but they had no way of stopping us. We all lay flat on the floor, so as to avoid being hurt. Our train kept on going wildly until we were beyond several stations and far out of danger.

Slowly we approached Cheng Chou. The railroad traffic was entirely disorganized. The schedule had been discarded entirely. If a train happened to arrive, the agent would sell tickets, but nobody took any responsibility. My friends and I were therefore determined to continue our trip on the train that we were on. The locomotive was uncoupled and taken away. This made us fear that we might be stalled. It was very hard to get information, but everybody seemed to think,

that these cars had to go on to Peking. At eleven o'clock my friends as usual lay down on the floor of the car to sleep. I had a bad headache and needed rest. After committing myself into the care of the Lord, I also lay down beside my baggage. At about two o'clock I awoke. The train was moving, but in what direction and where it now might be, that was a puzzle. The light of the stations that we passed was so dim, that I could not make out the names. But finally we came up to the bridge of the Yellow River. The rest of the journey was much easier. We were all happy, when finally I reached home. "Home sweet home, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." While I thanked the Lord for all His goodness and traveling mercies, I heard a small but clear voice in my breast say: "Our bodies as a living sacrifice."

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follow'r of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?"

"Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed thro' bloody seas?"

"Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?"

"Sure, I must fight, if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord:  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word."

## UP AGAINST IT

The country in the South Chihli district depends for its crops entirely upon the seasonal rains. In the month of October a rain is needed for putting in the winter wheat. Then during the winter months a rain or two or a fairly good snowfall will take care of it till spring. In April or May a soaking rain is required for two reasons: the wheat fields have to have it in order to produce a fair wheat crop, and the spring ground needs it, so that the caphorcorn, the millet and the corn can be put in. And after the wheat harvest in June another rain is required for helping along the standing crops and to sow the now vacant wheat fields in corn and beans, and also to plant the sweet-potatoes. In the months of July and August come the heavy rains, which help the crops to fully grow up and mature. There are also very good vegetable gardens, which again are irrigated from wells. But all crops in the fields are entirely dependent upon rains, for they are handled on the principle of dry farming.

Anyone can easily see that a drought in a region so thickly inhabited, between two hundred fifty and three hundred people to the square mile, and where people are so poor that they in normal conditions are ahead of the crop in that they borrow money and live on a crop that is still to grow, is a terrible thing. Almost every year there will be a time that here or there

through belated rains the crops suffer. Luckily there is some flexibility in the time of sowing and reaping. As long as this limit is not overstepped, crops may still turn out quite good.

When rains fail to come and a severe drought is threatening, the Chinese remember their gods. Often one hears the expression: "Why does the old (Great) God not send rain?" The women then very soon begin to go in groups and visit the temples. But there is no temple for the Great God except a little altar in the yard of most every home. But these crowds visit all the temples, prostrate before the idols, and implore the idols to have pity on them and give them rain. When rain does come they again visit the temples and offer thanks to the idols. The blame of the drought is put upon the Great God but the praise belongs to the idols. One never hears or sees that they repent of sins committed or make a decision of henceforth living a better life. I find many inconsistencies in their words and actions, and even between actions. To hold one god responsible for a drought, but to pray and thank the other for it seems queer to the westerner; but we must not forget that the common people generally recognize the "Great God" as having supreme control, while the other gods are rather under-officials of his. Thus while to us there often seems to be a great inconsistency, to them everything is in full harmony.

Not only the women go and pray for rain, but the business people take action too. They know full well that a crop failure is also a business failure. They therefore span the main streets of the cities with strings

about twenty-five feet apart. On these many strips of colored paper are suspended with all kinds of inscriptions. The following are some of them: "Tomorrow it will rain. Tomorrow we shall have a big rain. Tomorrow it will surely rain. Tomorrow we will have two big showers." And many more expressions assuring rain.

If, after all this, no rain falls, the country gets still dryer, and the fields start to dry off, the people get more desperate. They organize parades with great crowds of people taking part. They also take some of the responsible gods out of the temples and carry them around in processions. Thus the gods have an opportunity to see for themselves how dry the country is, and how crops, animals and mankind are suffering. But so as to impress this fact still more upon the gods, they are not put back into the temples, but are placed outside in the open, where the sun strikes hard on them; and so they have to experience for themselves the hardships, that they are bringing upon the innocent people. A magistrate of a certain place told me, that during a drought in his place large crowds of people came into the county courtyard and smashed the big stone dragon to pieces. He closed with the words: "This is a terrible way of praying for rain."

The officials are generally much more advanced in knowledge and beyond idol worship, but their position is in danger, unless they do make common cause with the people. Therefore when they see that the people are getting very desperate, they announce a time of fasting and prayer. The county-magistrate will put up

a notice, make a parade to the temple, and for hours at the time refuse food, while he is lying prostrate in front of the idols, entreating and pleading for rain. Last year the rainy period went by without rain in our K'ai Chou district, and Tamingfu and some other districts also suffered greatly. The head-military leader formed a great procession through the streets of the Tamingfu city. He and his subordinates walked barefooted all day long. Their feet were bruised and blistered but on they marched. The second day their feet were so sore, that they could not walk. Although the rain did not come, they had shown the people, that they were sympathetic and concerned for the peoples welfare.

All that has been said above concerns non-Christians. For Christians never take part in the above mentioned processions. They meet in their homes and in their places of worship for the purpose of beseeching the living God for showers of mercy. The following will in part present an aspect of the Christian way of doing.

In the village Ch'eng Chuanger there is a large mudhouse. Six years ago the Christians there erected it for the purpose of schoolhouse and church. However the building has become too small for school purposes and on Sundays it can not half hold the crowds that come to the services. Every one maintains that more room is needed, but how to get it that is the question. When I visited the place the people had a meeting and decided to build a new building. A special committee



was elected which was to assist the officers in carrying out the plan. Months had passed when I again came that way and visited the village. I found that in all only one hundred twenty dollars had been subscribed for the project. It is true, to bring up one hundred twenty dollars in such a small village is no easy matter but what should we do, for the sum was only half enough?

It was a very dry spring and the wheat fields seemed to dry off, but I maintained, that the subscriptions had to be doubled and the work pushed. But the committee had its doubts about the project in such unfavorable circumstances. But faith was required. I refused to listen to the numerous arguments of drought impending, it might not rain and the like. I said: "If you will be true to your responsibilities towards your children, your women, and your church, God will surely send the necessary rain for your fields." Finally two members of the committee took courage saying: "Two years ago it was also very dry, but the missionary prayed and the rain came." Thus they joined my side and declared themselves willing to double the contribution. However one grandfather could not give in. Money was too scarce for him. Just of late he had bought a new piece of land. A half dozen boys stand around and beg him to have pity on them and give them a proper school. The missionary's straight-forward words and the pleading of the boys make it hard for him to say "no," and still he is not ready to say "yes". He sits and holds his head in both hands and will say nothing. Finally I asked them all to bow in prayer. The situation was

critical. Only God can move such hardened hearts and make them willing to do what is right and proper.

At the K'ai Chou Mission Station there were two pupils from this very village, so I invited them to come and meet me at my office. I frankly told them what had happened. I found the boys much interested in the project, and very sorry that a deadlock had been created. We had a season of prayer, then the boys declared themselves willing to go home and talk the matter over with the committee and the people in general; but they insisted that I should continue in prayer, while they went. This I gladly promised to do.

It was a hot day, the fields were scorched, and the dust was blowing. Naturally speaking the future looked dark; but the Christians came together, they turned their faces heaven-ward, and every one doubled his contribution. Where it had been five dollars before it was changed to ten. Faith was the victory that overcame all obstacles, and saved the day. But what is more, heaven itself was pleased, and down poured a blessed shower of rain.

The year previously our district had had only a small crop, and thus all grain had advanced in price during the winter. So it happened that in the spring of 1920 the situation got to be rather critical. North of us large districts entirely burned out, while around K'ai Chou wheat still yielded half a crop. But what was still more serious was that on account of the drought none of the spring fields could be sown. Generally these fields are sown in April, and the wheat fields, after the crop is taken off in the beginning of

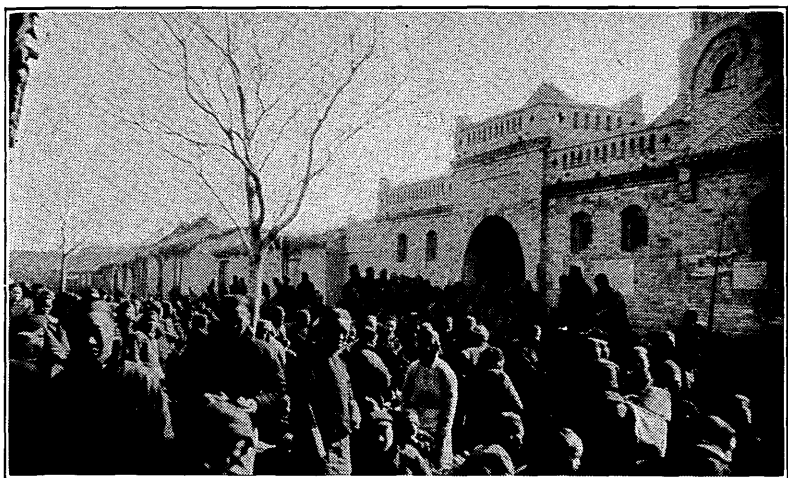
June, are also put in beans. But this year circumstances were very adverse. We were in the first half of July already, and still there was not enough rain to sprout the seeds. Since it was getting to be so late, the people got to the point of despair.

For several months already we had watched the people go up in big crowds to the temples to pray for rain. The country magistrate ordered to have all streets decorated, then he himself made a great procession to the temple. For hours he lay flat on the ground praying for rain, but without any results. He also had the south gate closed so as to keep the burning heat out. No matter what he or the people did the result was the same—no rain. One day a big crowd of women came past our place, they were on the way to town in order to smash to pieces one of the idols, thinking that this god was to blame for the drought. Fearing that their strength would be insufficient, they implored us to come to their aid. It was hard to convince them, that they were on a fool's errand. Riots are always dangerous; and for a missionary to have part in them might easily bring danger to himself and to the mission. We therefore persuaded them to drop this undertaking, and we further declared ourselves willing to help them in other ways.

Humanly speaking we had reached a very critical time. It would either rain very soon, or else there would be no crop that year. What misery and suffering this would cause only such a one can imagine that has already gone through similar experiences. It lay like a heavy burden upon our shoulders. The time seemed

to have come that the servants of the Most High should intercede for the suffering masses; but it was no easy task. For two reasons rain had to come immediately: first, because a delay in time would make it impossible for crops to mature before the frost in fall, and secondly, before these large crowds of non-Christians a direct answer to prayer could only be manifested by immediate results. In case the answer failed to come immediately, the people would hardly believe that our God had sent it. For some days already we had been praying with the people as they came in. It so happened that the last Sunday the lesson in Sunday School had been on Elias praying for rain. Naturally there arose in the people's minds the question, why should not the same loving God give rain, when we prayed? Our thoughts were filled with fear and doubt and still we clung to faith. There was a battle in our own lives, and the victory was won. The morning showed a big poster or announcement on the street. Sunday, July 13th, was to be a day of prayer for rain. Everybody was invited to come to the morning services. Everybody saw that we had taken up the fight against the idols and idol-worship. I for my part knew it, too, and the battle raged most fiercely in my own heart. How could I meet these crowds unless in my own breast there was a victory?

A bright Sunday morning it was. Early the people already began to come in. Soon the church yard was full and the church building was overcrowded. I opened the meeting as usual. My text was found in I Kings 3:5, "Ask what I shall give thee." During the



The Church crowded, people  
waiting on the street to get in



sermon while I spoke about the prayer of King Solomon and God's offer to him, the people were very attentive. When I repeated the words: "Ask what I shall give thee," the whole audience seemed to be on it's feet, saying, "Rain, we want rain". I tried to convince them that before an answer to prayer can be obtained, it is necessary to repent and forsake sin. Solomon had prayed for a wise and God-consecrated heart, and that is what everybody needs. Further I told them that they had by this time already worshiped all kinds of false gods but that they could see for themselves that these dead things could not help them; so if they would now repent from all idol worship and come and serve the true God, He would hear our prayer and give rain. After I had continued to speak for a while, I again asked them: "What are you asking of God?" Immediately they jumped to their feet and answered with a shout: "Rain, we are praying for rain." Being moved by the Spirit of God I replied: "All right, you have now chosen the Living God as your God, and ask Him for rain. If you will now from the bottom of your heart repent from all sin, He will give you rain within three days". We had another earnest prayer meeting and then everybody went home. Out doors one could hear them repeat: "We must repent, if it is to rain." Many seemed to have very little understanding of repentance. Their thinking went more in the line of, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and what shall we put on?"

Going home from that meeting I realized that I had risked a lot; but I had done it in the name of the Lord. In the afternoon there were some clouds in the

sky and it really looked like rain; but it did not come. On Monday we again had the same experience. Oh, how we prayed for God to manifest His glory and save the people! On Tuesday it clouded up again, and accompanied by many "Praise God!" the rain began to come down in streams. Some people thought that the rain was not quite heavy enough, so we continued praying. By Thursday another big rain came. Roads and ponds were filled with water. All fields were fully soaked; and the farmers quickly put in their crop.

The following Sunday we had another very large meeting. The people came to thank the True God for His mercy in sending the rain. Even after that many groups came almost daily to thank God for the rain. Many expressions like the following were overheard: "It is different when the missionary prays for rain." "God has given us the rain." "If the missionaries had not prayed for rain, we should have perished." Some of the women very emphatically declared, that while I had prayed and interceded for them, tears of blood had run down my cheeks and over my hands and dropped on the ground. We always tried to give all the honor and glory to God and to Jesus Christ our precious Lord and Savior.



## THE UNSEEN

I have found the Chinese to be much afraid of evil spirits. In fact the motive of their worship is to appease the gods and evil spirits, so that they will not inflict sorrows, diseases and other kinds of torment upon them. There is also a clear conviction among them that the evil spirits can and will possess people. Chinese of good Christian standing, even evangelists, have reported of such cases, and how they were miraculously healed by prayer. I have myself met people that were very peculiar in their actions, very different from those of an ordinary insane person. Although I cannot positively maintain that they were cases of demon possession, neither can I go to the extreme and say, that they were not. The Bible clearly teaches that evil spirits do exist and that they do possess people. The West may have reached a stage of civilization, where spirits of any nature have not room; but in dark heathen and non-Christian countries this is quite different. However, this chapter has not so much to do with the topic of demon-possession as with an experience and manifestation of their presence.

One mile from our home in K'ai Chou we had a country school. One day the teacher, accompanied by several of his pupils, came to me on Sunday noon, right after the services. He had a request. For as his story went, the home of one of his pupils had been and

still was visited by the evil one. At first I treated the matter more as a joke; but they were quite positive, and maintained that unless I found a way out, the home would be broken up. So I promised to go along that afternoon with the group and have a meal with the family.

It must have been around three o'clock that day when we reached the village. Crowds of people were standing on the street, and everybody seemed very excited. In order to avoid having these crowds come into the yard, I gave strict order that nobody except the members of the family should be permitted to enter the yard. The father of the pupil came out and received us into the guest room. After we had been seated and tea had been set before us, he began to tell his story. They were a fair sized family, and had sufficient property to meet their needs. But for some weeks the aged grandfather had been sick and required nursing. He, as a good son, tried to stay day and night at the bedside of the patient. The size of the house was fifteen by thirty feet. One evening when the whole family with two relatives was gathered in the room, something very unusual occurred. It was winter, the days were short and the weather was cold. They had the door closed and the lamp lit. All of a sudden without the slightest warning a big brick fell right in the middle of the room. I personally examined the brick and the room where the event took place. The inside of the house was finished with raw bricks and plastered over. Nowhere in the inside of the house were burned bricks used. It was a rather new brick and therefore

could not have been laying around the house. The whole family knew that the door was closed at the time, when it happened. Thus the idea that some one from the outside might have thrown a brick into the house was out of question. Everybody was puzzled how that brick dropped into the room. Furthermore, notwithstanding that there were seven or eight persons in the room, nobody got hurt.

The following evening the father had the lamp lit and tended to the patient. Without the least breeze the lamp went out. He tried to light it; but to his great surprise the burner was gone. This lamp trouble continued. Every night there was some trouble. Sometimes they would see the lamp move across the room and then go out. When they tried to light it again, they found that either the whole lamp was not to be found or the burner was gone. The man drew an extra burner from his pocket saying: "This is my reserve. I always keep one or two ready in my pocket." Some of these lamps were later found in the backyard smashed to pieces. A number of dishes, both great and small, had met the same fate. Some times when food was served, the bowl would all by itself start to move on the table. Once, in bright daylight a bowl of food on the table began to move around. There was no human being near the table to in any way interfere. The hungry man watched with big eyes, where his precious food intended to go. For a time it moved quite freely in the air, first leaving the table, then landing on the mat-covered bedstead, and finally coming on the other side of the room to the ground with one

crash, and all was ended. The dish was broken and the food was spilt.

While we sat there with eyes and ears open, trying to take in the queer adventure, the man in a natural voice, but somewhat melancholy continued: "This our family has lived here for many years. We have sufficient land, and could be considered well to do; but now we have to starve to death. What I have been telling you so far is a small matter. It is only an inconvenience connected with minor expenses; but now we have gotten to a point when further existence is impossible; we are starving to death." I could not understand what he was hinting at, so I asked him to explain. "Missionary," he repeated, "I and my whole family, are starving. For we have no way of getting on. Please don't ask me whether we have no grain, no flour, or no sweet-potatoes. Yes, we have enough and more, but what is the use? We are doomed to die. And that of starvation. You don't understand? Then look here. This is now already one week that we have not been able to eat a decent meal. Someone of us goes to work and starts the fire under the kettle, the water soon gets hot, and we want to add the necessary material for a meal. But we can't cook even the simplest meal. For just as soon as we lift the lid and begin to add the necessary substances, there comes a terrific dust blow. Thus the food is spoiled, and all persons in the room have to close their eyes and run out into the yard to save their lives. While in the yard there is neither wind or dust, in the kitchen it is just terrible. Then again we may succeed to partly cook the food, but do

you think, that even after the food is dished out, we have a chance to partake of it before it is spoiled? No, the dust will fearfully flow in all directions, until the food is uneatable. Even this forenoon we tried to cook, but you ought to have seen that dust storm in the kitchen, even sand and pieces of brick were flying around. In fact many times at broad daylight the pieces of bricks will fly around in the yard and in the room. There is no way out of this trouble. Please save us, if you can or we are doomed to die."

I need hardly tell you that we sat a shivering as we listened to this story. It was clear that the people were in distress, even in despair. I asked then whether they had any enemies, maybe their neighbors or somebody in the outside. They said that they had not, and even if they had, how could any human being perform these things? Even more so at daylight and having a frightened crowd standing around. My next inquiry was, whether they had already started the fire for the cooking of the evening meal. Since they had not, I ordered them to do so without delay; but at the same time I explained the way of salvation to them. I urged them to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. I put the cross before them, emphasizing the blood that cleanses us from all sin. Looking at the father, I asked him, whether he was willing to receive Christ's offer of free salvation. He answered in the affirmative, saying that he and his family were now ready to forsake all idols and would henceforth serve only the true and living God. The mother and the children also ascended. When we bowed in prayer, I asked in Jesus' name,

that God would hear us and reveal His power right there, and bid the evil one, be he man or demon, to halt. That He would not permit henceforth any more disturbance in that home. When I closed the prayer, all added a hearty "amen."

While they cooked the food, sweets and tea were served. I assured the people that I would not leave until they had eaten. Again and again the father went into the kitchen and looked around, then he came back with a surprised face saying: "All is quiet now." When at last the food was dished out, everybody went at it with a raving appetite. I watched especially the younger brother of my pupil. He was only about eight years old. He sat on the sill of the guest house door and finished several bowls of food in a manner that left no doubt in my mind, that he had been on the brink of starvation. After every one had finished a big meal in perfect peace, I reminded them that I would now have to leave again. I further told them, that since they had now received the Lord Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior, all would be well. After they had in many words expressed their appreciation for my help, we were escorted to the gate, and with gladness in our hearts returned home. A year or more has now passed, and whenever we meet any one of the family and ask him, how they are getting along, the joyful reply always is: "Thank you, it is all peaceful. Since we came to Jesus there is no more of that sort of a thing."

## THE ORIENTAL MIND

Some people that have spent all their life in the Far East, hesitate to write on a difficult subject like this. A proverb says: "Where angels dare not tread, fools will walk." And so it is. Many books written on the eastern countries and their people have authors that spent a comparatively short time in those countries and often they have visited only some of the more important seaports. My time in the East has hardly been one score of years, and I would not dare to write anything on this subject, were it not for the serious situation before us—a situation that demands a warning not only to those Western governments vitally interested in the East, but a warning to every Western people, whether they have holdings in the East or not, for unless the eyes of the Western nations will soon be opened, and they will act accordingly in meeting the Eastern nations, the near future may see a world of calamity.

Ever since I came to China, I have noticed that Western people could not understand the psychology of the Chinese. In my own experiences I sometimes thought, that I understood a man, and I thought that my position was so clear and so reasonable, that a dummy could not miss it. Later, however, I found to my regret, that neither had I understood the man, nor had he anywheres near approached my idea.

Years ago the Chinaman would simply give an affirmative grunt as an answer to what one was telling him to do and then he would go on and do the work in his own way, regardless of what he had been told. Many a time his superior would simply let it go at that, but at other times he would reprove him, and once in awhile he would scold him. Generally speaking the subordinate would quietly take it all, and then go and make exactly the same mistakes and blunders over. Sometimes his employer would get provoked and send him home. The poor man had no other employment and thus no other way of making his living. His wife and children were depending for their daily bread, be it ever so black and coarse, upon his work. So what could he do, but intrust his case into the hands of a few good friends, who were to go and intercede for him. Possibly he would be allowed to come back and be reinstalled again, having, however, to make a definite promise to do better the next time, sometimes it even would take a surety to stand good for his future behavior.

In the case of a personal servant, especially a cook, there is generally the charge against him that he takes things from his mistress' kitchen. I admit that he often does and sometimes when cornered he owns up to this; but we Western people with our standard of living are hardly able to judge this servant of ours from an unbiased point of view. He is poor and hardly knows how to get enough of food, even of the simplest kind, together for his family; but at the same time he sees constantly our big stores of the best provisions. It is



true that to us foreigners they seem nothing out of the ordinary, and generally in less than a year they are all used up; but to him they look very big. Then, too, daily there are things from our table going to waste, that would be a luxury in his home. The custom of the country, and the intellectual and spiritual work required of married ladies demand the use of servants, otherwise it would be a nerve-saving undertaking to do entirely without them altogether. Now they are a necessary evil in every home.

Take the clerk in the office or any underling. He gets strict orders and often frank rebukes. Yes, take the highest under-official and go right down to the "coolie" in the yard, I dare say, that there is not a one, after being in employ for some time, that has not a list of grievances to relate. Some are imaginary, but others are real. They all know the foreigner as an arrogant man, that often frowns upon them, and sometimes even beats them. The foreign business people of the East are generally considered by their employees as having low moral standards and living a fast life. Although the missionary is generally held in better esteem, I dare say, that there is not one against whom, justly or otherwise, his native coworkers or servants could not bring a list of grievances; and beginning to think seriously on this subject, I find myself before the bar of justice compelled to admit my shortcomings.

The Orientals have taken everything patiently. Foreign governments have made them sign up unequal treaties, or have even taken their governmental rights

entirely away, and put them under an outside power. These foreign government officials and their nationals have for years treated them roughly and always spoken harsh to them. So far they have quietly endured it all. The foreigner frowned, and their eyes sank on the ground; he scolded them, and they stood blushed and ashamed; he beat them in the neck, and they stooped down and in a very submissive way quietly slid out to their work, trying to do better the next time. I am not using imaginary language. These things my own eyes have beheld. If a man has as good an education as I, why should I consider him inferior just because his complexion of the skin is yellow or dark? If a man has paid for his ticket, why cannot he sit aside of me on the train? In India an educated Indian walks with me on deck of the ship. Military officers come along, and walk straight into us, as if not seeing us at all. The Indian in the English eyes can be nothing but a servant, and anybody associating with him, must be of his kind. Again an educated Indian has bought a first class ticket, but the coach is much overcrowded, so he thinks it more advisable to enter the second class compartment but there foreign passengers bounce upon him and use such abusive language that he prefers to withdraw to a third class car. Another Indian passenger has gotten into the wrong car; the conductor curses him without restraint. The passenger quietly replies: "I was mistaken and will go to the other car, only speak to me like to a man." To the average European it seems that everybody of a darker complexion than that of his own, must be a coolie, and therefore treated accordingly.

These things have been going on for a long time. The Oriental has been patiently waiting for a change to the better. He was willing to be servant, underling, clerk and what not to the white man, always hoping that by his faithful service he will learn, and some day in the future there would be recognition of such service. But the governments and their officials are slow to reward prizes to any man of an "inferior" race, and surely not if their own position should thereby be endangered. To many of them the native is only a tool in their hand. They think they are here to tighten the hold of their government on these peoples, and not to relax or let go altogether. Again the business man is here in order to make money. Very often things that his home laws would not permit him to do, he can do in the East, because there is no such law here to restrain him from doing so. Often it is not the question whether his demand on the employees are reasonable and humane, but whether they are beneficial to his firm and bring him greater dividends.

Then take the missionary as a religious leader, he is a hard worker himself and he wants everybody to be the same. He stands for efficiency. He knows his home constituency; they surely are hard-working people, and only by the sweat of their brow they are able to bring up the necessary support of the mission. Surely such sacrificial money must be applied with the greatest care and must be conscientiously spent. He cannot afford to let even a part of it go into such inexperienced, untrained and, as it seems to him, careless hands. He is determined to have every cent of it spent with the

greatest of care and to the best advantage of the work. His native worker only yesterday made a big mistake. A whole ten dollars are gone—for nothing. If he had only not trusted him with that matter. He should have known, that native workers as helpers are alright in a way, but they do not know how to handle funds, and especially so, when funds come from another country, from abroad. It is also true that in other lines of work they give him a lot of help. For he could not think of doing all that preaching and all that teaching himself; and they do fairly good work too. But, well, he is not quite sure that their whole heart is in it, they may do it for the money. Just imagine them being left alone for any length of time, what a muddle they would make of it. No, no, they are alright as helpers, but you have to supervise them, and you need to keep your eye on them too.

So it has been going on for years; and instead of finding an approach to the Oriental mind, we have drifted farther and farther away from it. Years ago the Oriental people were far behind us in education, but things have changed. Many of them now have an education equal to that of our own. Besides they are neither aliens to the country nor to the people and their customs. Both in government and in the church they have been patiently waiting for somebody to give them the proper chance. But it seems all is in vain. There is no position open for them. The government looks out for itself first and in the church there is an organization called the mission. It is a foreign institution, and is run by foreigners. The missionary is a good

man, and generally speaking the people think highly of him, but unconsciously he is keeping the grip of his strong hand on the reins of the mission government. It is an endless chain of missionaries, and there is simply no opportunity for a local man. Many have tried to work under difficult circumstances in the mission; but to work under a foreigner with foreign ideas and customs is no light thing. But not only that, wherever they go on the street or in society outside the Christian circles, they are looked upon as "second foreigners."

Often they must hear the words, "foreign dog" or "second foreign devil." They are accused that they have sold themselves to foreigners for a piece of bread. In their hearts they often groan; Oh, how long! When will the time come that we can do this work in our own way and with a joy for work in our hearts? Some young men have simply given up all hopes of ever coming to their own inside these organizations, and consequently they slowly leave the mission. Then, too, there is a hireling in the church. The missionary finds that he is only after the money; and often he is a crook through and through. So he is ousted from the church. This man invariably becomes the dead enemy of the missionary, church and mission. Finally there are the opponents of Christianity. They see all these and many more defects in the Christian ranks. Everything that they ever heard or saw is construed in a most unsympathetic way. They gather all these discontented people; and, to be sure, they have as big a crowd around them as that which surrounded David in the desert Ziph. They make an attack on the church, but es-

pecially on foreigners, who are all imperialists.

Missionaries, businessmen and officials all are pooled and attacked with the meanest propaganda literature that the world has ever seen. In China the outbreak of the revolution seems favorable to them. The Bolsheviks join in, and wherever the army goes, there also goes a strong force of propagandists. All daily papers are just full of the meanest and most slanderous articles. The leaders have contacts with the students abroad, and they are in turn asked to spread the fire at the base of these undesirables. Secret organizations are formed in China, the Philippine Islands, Hongkong, Singapore, Sumatra, Ceylon and India, and even Egypt. All through the whole East there is an underground chain of communications. The giants of the East are awaking. They have become self-conscious, and they want liberty and self-government. It is true, they have many factions among themselves, and they are not sure, either, that their governments will be stronger and better than the present ones, but they will be their own. Exactly the same is true in the mission and the church. They dare not boast that they will make a better job of it; in fact many are pleading with the missionary to stay. They need his advice and his help but they are to be their institutions, yes, theirs! A child has to fall many times before it can freely run about. They, too, will make mistakes, but by these they will learn. At any rate they are now determined to try their hand at the steering-wheel. If the Western people refuse to grant their requests, they will use force. Wake up, ye representatives

of governments, then! Wake up ye ambassadors of the cross! Be reasonable before it is too late, and you find the whole Orient up and in arms against the Occident!

## GO OR STAY

It was early in the year of 1927 that the war situation for the Northern forces became more critical. Hankow had been in the hands of the Nationalists since September, 1926, but now the Southern army rapidly gained on Nanking and Shanghai. The behavior of the troops and mobs at Hankow has been very bad, so that foreigners had suffered immensely. In fact it had become necessary to send women and children to Shanghai for safety. The mobs had entered the foreign concessions and become so bold and threatening, that the foreign troops and militia had found it more advisable to give up the concessions and to retire to the ships, than shoot and kill. Finally the foreign governments came to some agreements with Mr. Ch'en, the Nationalist foreign minister, which were to bridge the matter at Hankow over until some more permanent arrangements could be made and especially did Mr. Ch'en and his government undertake to protect all foreigners and their property, wherever the Nationalist army went and wherever that government had territory under its control.

It may be inserted here that up to the Hankow government fiasco, the foreigners generally had had great hopes for the Nationalist government and even after the agreement with Mr. Ch'en did they hope that matters would now clear up in Hankow, and that other



places would be kept under control and its troops under full discipline. Not only did they hope that it would be so, but the Nationalist government and the Nationalist leader in the army, Chiang Chieh Shih had definitely promised to carry out the agreements and see to the safety of all foreigners in Nationalist territory. This then was the reason that foreigners living in Nanking had taken no steps to seek safety in flight. The Northern troops were at that time still holding Nanking and Shanghai but it was known that the Nationalist army was preparing a big drive on both places. The foreign city of Shanghai had a number of foreign troops to guard the city and to protect foreign life and property but Nanking had no foreign concessions, and thus like many other more interior cities was entirely dependent upon Chinese protection, except for a few gunboats, that lay in the Yangtze River opposite the city. March twenty-fourth was the fatal day! That night the Northern troops withdrew from the city. This was connected with some looting, but as far as the foreigners were concerned nobody was molested. Just before daybreak the vanguards of the Southern troops marched into the city. A goodly bunch of evil characters joined in with them and there was a terrible looting. The foreigners and their houses were not only not exempt, but they were made the object of a special attack. It seemed that the soldiers had orders from their superiors to do so. In their houses, institutions, and wherever they tried to hide, they were searched out. Their property and any valuable possessions were taken away from them. But more they themselves

were greatly mistreated. Ladies had their clothes torn off their bodies, some were maltreated and wounded, and others were killed. The shame and disgrace that soldiers in uniform inflicted upon them, would take pages to describe. A group of them tried to save themselves in a college building, but wherever they were, even with the aid of some sincere Chinese friends, it was impossible for them to hold their own. A number of them fled to the Standard Oil Company's building on the hill but even there they were spied out and charged by the ugly mob and soldiers.

Finally the commander on the U. S. gunboat, by a clever move, threw bombs all around the building so as to keep the mob back. Thus under the protection of the guns he escorted them safely to the boat. All nationals had to report some dead and some wounded. As it seemed, the National government had intentionally broken the agreement. It had failed or deceived the foreign governments and henceforth foreigners could not rely upon it for protection. This Nanking incident was therefore the cause of the foreign governments advising strongly all foreigners living in the interior of China to immediately remove to seaport cities, where foreign troops could protect them, or from which the foreign governments, in case of necessity, could transport them to other places of safety.

Having this then as a background, I can now go back again to take up the narration of my personal experiences. It was Sylvester night in K'ai Chou, that the little missionary circle had a meeting. Each of



**"The evacuating group"**



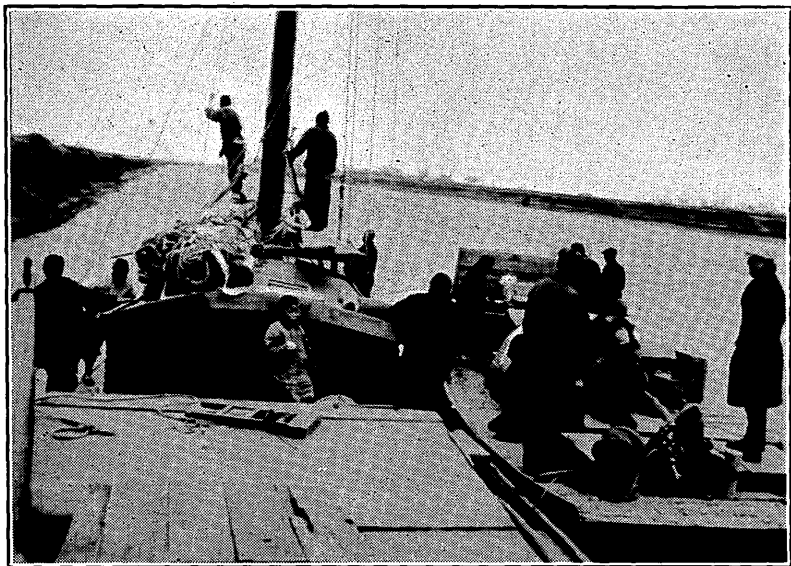
them chose a Bible verse, a song, or what else it might be for the new year. My choice fell on the Hymn, "I am Thine for service, Lord." Then the author goes on, "When the skies are clear or the days grow drear"—"Be it to stay or go, I am Thine for service, Lord." Somehow the song mightily touched the chords of my heart, and I just longed as never before to be of service to my Master in the new year.

All spring the war clouds had been gathering more thickly, and more threatening too. Some neighboring missionaries were excited about the situation and began to pack up their belongings but the people round about us were calm and the country quiet. When, however, the Nanking atrocities became known, and especially in the exaggerated version, everybody was shocked. The message from the Tientsin consul-general took away the last prop of hope. Nothing could hence be done but arrangements made for a quick evacuation. We found our mission work and the Chinese helpers unprepared for the occasion. It is true, for years we had been working on a Chinese foreign co-operative organization, and the new constitution had been accepted both by the Mission and the Chinese Conference, and thus should have gone into effect in a month or two. But the organization had not as yet been completed and since it was a fifty-fifty arrangement, it could not be brought into operation, if the missionaries all evacuated.

Some foreigners could not see the need of such a wholesale evacuation in the North, where Chang Tso Lin with his troops had full control and especially since

he reiterated his policy of protection to all foreigners and he was not at all pleased to see them leave the territory under his jurisdiction. Some of us missionaries had more than once been in districts disturbed by war and bandits. We had always experienced the gracious protection of Him whose ambassadors we were and as a matter of fact those were the days that the missionaries could be of the most help to the common people. Those were the days of consoling, comforting, and helping this war and bandit ridden country's population. The Christian leaders also came to me and protested against a total evacuation. I frankly told them that our consul-general had asked us to come to Tientsin; that I feared no complications, but that I must obey my superiors; then, too, that my family was to go on furlough, and under present disturbed conditions it was not more than right for me to escort them to the coast and see them off on the ship; finally that after I had done this and seen my consul-general I was coming back to my work on the station as before. They had many questions to ask and doubts to express. When they, among other things, referred to us packing up all our goods, I showed them around in the office and assured them, that every article would remain where it was, for I was surely coming back in three or four weeks.

Those were busy and anxious days of packing. What would be needed in Tientsin, Pei Taiho and where —? When would we ever come back and what might befall our goods during our absence? Finally after five days of great exertion everything was ready;



On the River-boat

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On the River-boat



even servants and mission workers had been provided with two extra months of wages. Early on Saturday morning the church was filled with Christian Chinese friends and acquaintances. It was a great farewell meeting. At last the motor cars started and we were really going. Tears could be seen in many eyes. Why all this and was it really necessary?

The autos took us only forty-five miles to Tamingfu. There we stayed over Sunday and rearranged for the group to go by sailboat on the Wei River, as the trains on the Hankow-Peking line were even here in the North in danger of being cut off at any hour. The life on the boat was of a camping nature. The spring weather with the green wheat fields after a light rain made nature most beautiful. The country, through which we passed, was very peaceful too. This all, of course, although pleasant for the trip, made evacuation hard. Everybody loved his work and had a lot of plans laid for the near future, and now all was spoiled, and that as it seemed without a reasonable cause.

Some telegraphic ship-reservations for America had been made for such as were to go on furlough. But we found our boat trip rather slow and consequently feared that they might miss the steamer; so when we reached Techow, a city half way and on the railroad, we decided to change to the train, except one of the party, who preferred to stay with the baggage. This train brought us to Tientsin earlier than we had ever expected to get there, and so there were a few days left to get ready for the ocean trip.

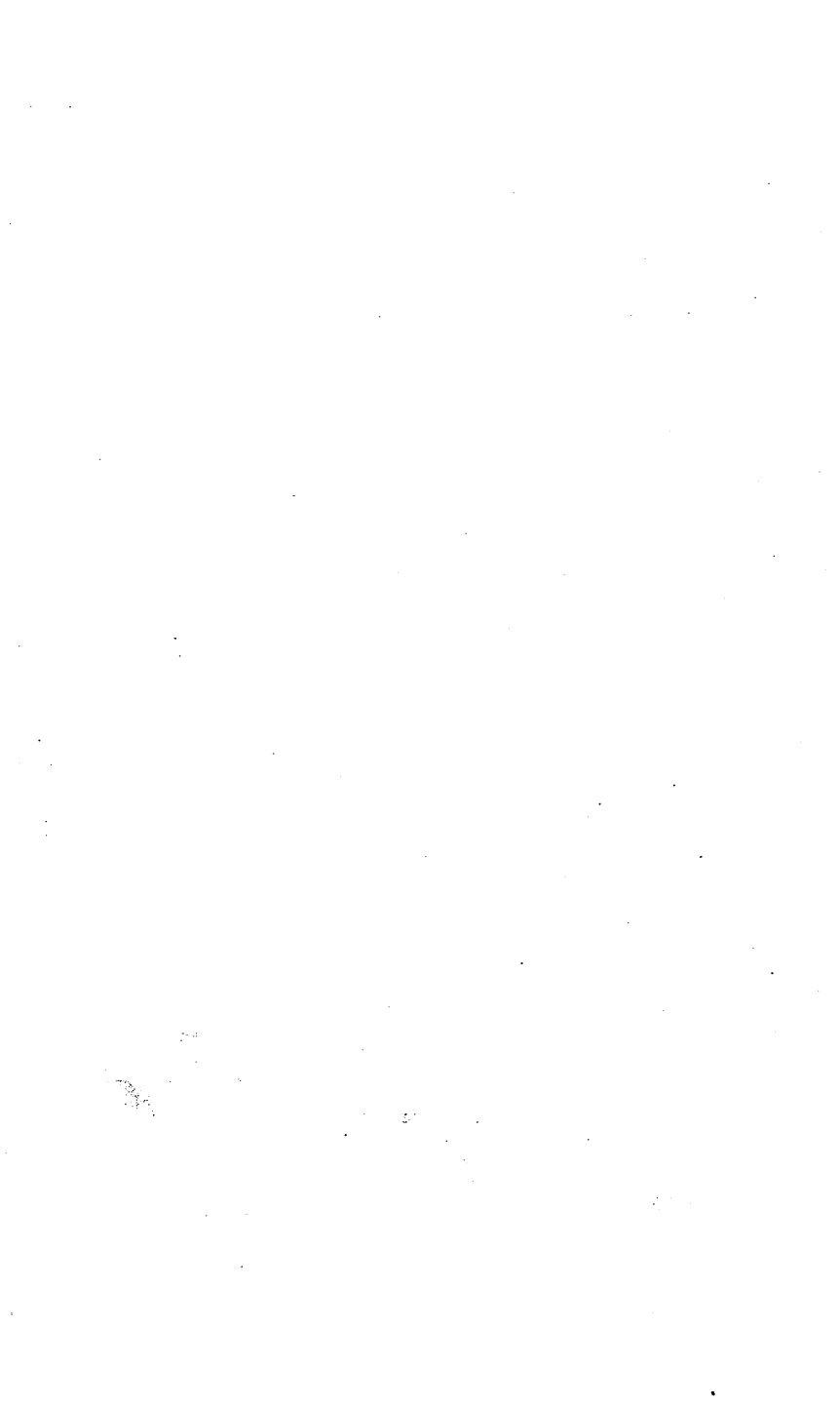
It was rather hard for me to leave the family, that

is my wife with the three children, Linda and Jessie, girls of fourteen and six years respectively, and the little Roland of ten months, and go home alone. Had it not been for some of my fellow missionaries going on the same steamer and especially Miss Elizabeth Goertz, one of our nurses, I should have hesitated to have them go. I cannot describe the last moment of parting on the ship. I only know that the whistle blew, and everybody not going was to get off. Now it meant to say goodby. Little Roland, that innocent lamb, was the only one that stayed calm. My dear wife and the sweet girls all threw their arms simultaneously around my neck and cried. My brother once said, that he never cried, and that he could imagine himself only in one circumstance to cry, namely if he had a wife and she should die. Well, poor fellow, he never had a living wife and such a bunch of sweet "kiddies", when he said it. I must admit, that they were too much for me, and they got me "off my feet".

Tientsin in those days was a real Babel. There were hundreds of missionaries coming in, and everybody was much disturbed. Some that lived far in the interior had had only very meagre information of what was really going on. All of a sudden a wire message reached them saying: "For political reasons it is strongly advisable, that you come to Tientsin immediately." What had happened? What was it all about? What did our government contemplate to do? And many more questions had filled their hearts and minds. Imagination did the rest. Some feared the worst, and took only half enough time to pack properly. Some



**My Family**



had very little funds on hand when the message came and being thus not properly provided with funds for the trip, they suffered a lot on the road and reached Tientsin penniless. Others again were robbed by bandits and still others, although they managed to sail down the river safely, were robbed by pirates on the coast of the Yellow Sea. But in the territory governed by the Nationalists the missionaries fared far worse. There their own servants and mission employees, instigated by the "reds", made such heavy demands upon them, that they had not nearly enough funds to meet those. Workers in the mission wanted a year's pay in advance and servants the same. Unless these exorbitant demands were granted, they would not allow them to leave. Some servants, for instance, would say, "You have no reasons to dismiss us." When the missionaries replied, that their consul-general was ordering them to go, they would say, "That is no valied reason for dismissing us from our services."

Some foreigners found great difficulties in getting anyone to help them with the baggage on the way. For service that at other times would have cost them less than a dollar, the people now asked several hundreds of dollars. At some places they were stoned and in other ways attacked and looted. But be it said here, that only the meanest of the mean treated them thus. There were also people who had pity on them, gave them food and shelter and supplied them with clothes again. In fact many a missionary can relate instances where Chinese Christians put their own life in danger in order to save these fugitives. God only knows all

the sacrifices that they have brought for their foreign friends and He will reward them too.

A mission meeting of our group was to be held at Tientsin. Some of our missionaries were more pessimistically inclined than others. They met some of their own kind, and thus were strengthened in their beliefs, as to what the real situation was, what the best move for the missionary at present would be, and what most likely the final outcome of the present situation as to missions and their work would be. I hardly need to say that sometimes ideas and opinions clashed mightily. Some people were hopeful, others again saw everything "go to the dogs" as you say, and the majority simply did not know. A goodly number of missionaries in Tientsin sailed for the home base. Others went to Japan, Korea, and to the Philippine Islands. Tientsin was no place to stay for the hot summer days, and especially as overcrowded as it was. What should our little group do? And what about the work in the field? Should the male missionaries, as per a former decision, go back to the field and oversee the work at the stations?

What may have taken place in the hearts and lives of my fellow workers during those days, I do not know; but in me there was a fierce battle. The Chinese co-workers wanted me to be back. I, too, desired to go, and had promised them that I would go back, but here was so much contrary advice, and finally, what would the Mission decide? A missionary has to do team work, respect the organization under which he works, and carry out its decisions. All this pressed me to



bring the whole matter unreservedly once more in prayer to the Lord. For several days it seemed an up-and-down affair; but finally while waiting before the Lord, I heard a clear voice in my heart saying: "I have told you before to go back to K'ai Chou to your work."

When the meeting came, and the pros and the cons were considered, some were quite decided not to go back themselves, and tried very hard to convince everybody else, that it was dangerous and surely not wise to risk it. Finally it seemed, that even an effort was made from that side to forbid the brethren who were otherwise minded, to go back to the field. At this stage of the debate I could not refrain myself any longer, but had to bring out the other side of the question, and then I ended by repeating my New Year's choice: "I am Thine for service, Lord—be it to go or to stay." I further said, that my lot was cast, by decision made, and my orders had come from my Master, "Go back to K'ai Chou to your work." When my fellow workers heard about my experiences in prayer, they gladly decided to let me go back and do the work that I was called to. Mr. S. F. Pannabecker felt that his duty also lay in K'ai Chou, and so we two made plans to go back together. The consul-general put in no objections, and thus the dark skies had once more cleared off. Now a happy and bright day lay before us.

"I have made my choice to follow Christ each day,  
I am Thine for service, Lord:  
Though I sometimes falter on the thorny way,  
I am Thine for service, Lord.

"Thine for service when the days are drear,  
Thine for service when the skies are clear:  
Yes, Thine for service through the coming years,  
I am Thine for service, Lord.

"Le me idle not the precious hours away,  
I am Thine for service, Lord:  
As Thy voice shall bid me, I will go or stay,  
I am Thine for service, Lord.

"I will never ask Thee "How" or "Where" or "Why?"  
For I've cast my lot with Thee  
Till the glory gates shall open by and by,  
With a "Welcome Home" for me.

"I am Thine for service till the last glad hour  
Shall have passed on earth from me:  
And I awake to service of a greater pow'r,  
Through a glad eternity."

## WHAT NEXT?

The suitcases were all packed on a cart and we were all ready to start when in came the postman with a Tamingfu letter for Mr. Boehr. The substance of the letter ran as follows: "Work on the new church building has stopped for two weeks. I need bricks, hemp and other material, and my workers have nothing to eat. The committee of seven is neither buying material nor paying me my allowance, for the mission workers want three months' pay in advance and their railway fare home. Because the money on hand is not enough for all this, they have stopped the committee from carrying on the building work." Mr. Boehr showed Mr. Pannabecker and me the letter with the comment: "When you get there, immediately take all funds and accounts over." This then was the last word we had before we left Tientsin for K'ai Chow. What we would meet and what things were like on the mission field remained idle conjectures in our minds.

The trip as such was uninteresting except for the limited train space that we were permitted to enjoy. The Hankow-Peking trains were going southward as far and even somewhat farther than we cared to go, but they had only a limited number of coaches "third class," as they are called here. In plain American language, of course, they are called, "freight cars" or "box cars". Each of us had a bundle of bedding and a suit-

case along, and so we were provided with seats, wherever we settled down, only that the question of settling down was one of the greatest mathematical problems, for matter is supposed to occupy space and since our spirits had still not severed connections with their bodies, we ought by right to have had allowed a reasonable amount of space but although we carefully looked for some, in a whole hour we were unable to discover any.

The conductor and the station master also were at their wits ends, and they offered to refund the price of the tickets. However, this would not have brought us any nearer to our goal, and tomorrow, after a twenty-four hour waiting, it would have been just as difficult. So we refused the refund and continued the hunt. Finally a few soldiers were discovered as being in the wrong car. They were therefore sent off, and we two shoved into their place. The whole car was so crowded, that while each one sat on his baggage, we were pressed shoulder against shoulder. But at any rate we were on the train, and it was now starting to move. During the day it was not so bad, although the cramped legs grew awfully tired, but when night came on and those fellows sleeping close to the doors got chilly, they closed the doors. This caused the air to get so thick that we foreigners nigh despaired of life. Luckily, when a Chinaman once sleeps he is off duty, so I reached over and gave one of the doors a big push. Oh, what a nice breeze poured into that car! So we, too, even in sitting up, had a little sleep. We also had a luncheon along and a bottle of water, too; but things did not last, and so we got very thirsty. At one of the stations I went

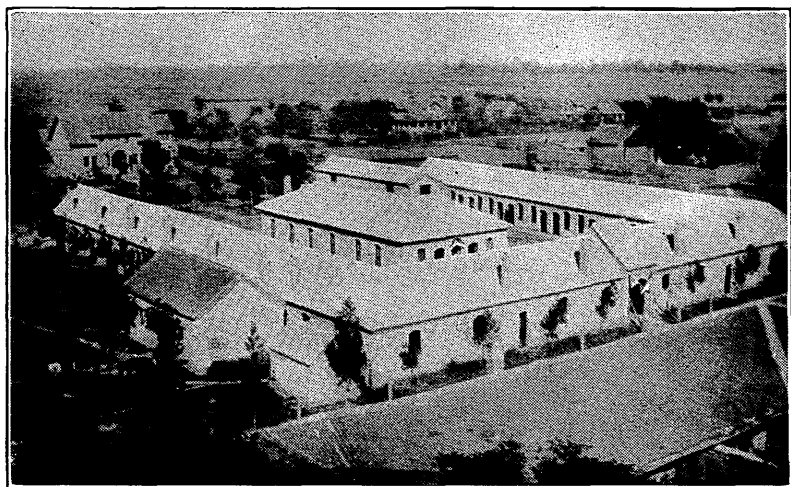
out and I saw a Chinaman selling some kind of soup. I did not know what it was, nor do I up to this day. However, it looked wet, and so I drank a bowl down. Afterward I pointed it out to Mr. Pannabecker and he followed suit. On the second day in the afternoon the train trip came to an end. We were lucky to get the auto bus for Tamingfu. Later when we were riding on rickshaws through the streets, everybody looked at us, and we heard many remarks to the effect that the trouble was over, as the missionaries had returned.

The first business, to be sure, was to get building material and to have the work on the church building resumed. The committee had its tale to tell, how some of the mission employees from the outside had beaten up one of the committee members in order to get their demands for money met. So there was quite a lot of affairs to be straightened out. It was necessary to make some of these young fellows come to terms. A frank talk with these men, and a straight rebuke for a few did the job. Thus matters were readjusted and all work could be resumed.

When we finally reached K'ai Chou, everybody there was most happy, and they treated us royally. It seemed that there was no end to the congratulations upon our returning. Even after being back for a whole month, some fellows would meet me on the street for the first time. They grabbed my hands, squeezed them and expressed their appreciation for our return. We had not come back for the fun of it, although I admit, that the excitement once in awhile gave me both pleasure and amusement. No, we had

come back to work and you can well imagine, that to be only two men in the whole field, was everything else but fun. One had to move some "to keep up with the times." There were so many problems to solve, to say nothing of the many questions, that always waited to be answered. This was all still more difficult, because the evacuation of the missionaries had made it necessary for us to take over a great deal of work, which originally did not come under our supervision. The completion of the new hospital buildings was one of my great desires, and consequently I made special efforts to push that work. Until then the medical work was to continue in the old buildings. I had a Chinese doctor and several Chinese nurses. For the limited space at our disposal this small staff was sufficient, only that the doctor one day got into a fight with the head nurse. I knew before that they had some misunderstanding, and I had been trying for days to get it settled. Being almost persuaded that the matter was settled, I prepared to give the medical staff a feast. But to my great surprise, that morning the doctor and the nurse came running into my yard all out of breath both crying and scolding. I surely was dumb struck and so sorry that I sat down and cried myself.

The average Chinese can do most anything, and it can always be said that he does not know any better. But here I had two educated people, a graduated doctor, mind you, and a nurse, a girl that had been with us for eighteen years. She had a high school education and after that a four-year nurse training. This was her first year of regular nursing. A few days ago I had



The new hospital, foreign dwellings in the rear





them both in the office; we talked the matter over, and they agreed to forgive one another and lay everything by. But now it had come to this! What should I do? To me it seemed better to temporarily close the hospital. I therefore asked them to turn over the keys and find work somewhere else. However some of the leaders of the church, and also high school teachers wanted to mediate, and if possible have them to try it once more. I consented to this plan with the condition that each of them should give two sureties, their money and other matters should be fully settled, and their reconciliation should be complete; for I maintained, that doctor and nurse by the very nature of their work are so thrown together, that in order to work in full harmony, there must be a complete understanding. The next day the doctor, the nurse, and three sureties all stepped into my living room, and they declared that all matters were now fully settled. The two also apologized for their bad behavior and said that they were determined to do better after this. Thus there was nothing left for me to do but to turn over the keys to them and have them continue in the work.

Since the daily papers again brought reports to the effect that Chiang Chieh Shih with his army was pressing northward on the Tientsin-Pukow railroad, it looked as if our return to Tientsin might in the near future be cut off. I did not intend to return presently, but with Mr. Pannabecker it was different. He had his family there and was going for his summer vacation anyway. I therefore urged him to leave earlier. As for his work, it was fairly well arranged, and if need be I

should be there to help out. This then left me all alone in the field. Much of my time was spent in visiting the work at the different stations, and also the country schools and the tent work in the villages. My most southern district is Tung Ming Hsien. This had already been surrendered to the Feng Yü Hsiang's troops, who has since early spring definitely joined hands with the Nationalist movement, leaning, however, strongly towards the red wing in the party. When I visited this station, I found that the troops were under control and that no looting or other serious bad behavior were reported. Our Christians there had nothing to complain. Having this then as a first experience of living under the control of two opposing armies, and furthermore having no fighting whatsoever near by, I was getting confident, thinking, that things and conditions would remain fairly bearable, no matter what the military shifts might be.

One day I made a trip to Tsing Feng Hsien, which is only fifteen miles due north of us. The big road was still too bad for the auto, so I hired a rickshaw to take me over. On the way up northern horsemen met me going to K'ai Chou. They had had a small force of cavalry stationed there for some months, so this meant only reinforcement. The total number, however, was small and did not exceed seven hundred. I stayed in Tsing Feng till noon the next day. During the night it rained somewhat, but with an extra man to pull my rickshaw it was possible to start back around the noon hour. All along the road people were excited and talked of fighting that was to break out near K'ai Chou.

But since for a long time I had daily heard reports of this nature, I would not have seriously considered the matter at all, had I not met people actually fleeing from K'ai Chou.

Our house is just outside of the east suburbs. About one mile north of us is a village by the name of Tu Chia Chaunger. I was approaching this small village from the north, and intended to pass it on the east end close to the temple. Just then there was a volley of shots, and then the big cannons came in between. No mistake, the battle was on. By the time that I reached the temple, the bullets were flying thickly in the one mile space between me and my home. You could hear bullets all around whistling in the air. My rickshaw pullers were very much frightened. The extra man quickly took his pay and ran back. For us to go on was, of course, impossible. I suggested that we halt at the temple for a while. My boy with his rickshaw, however, preferred to enter the yard of one of the villagers. The few things that I carried, remained on the rickshaw. But I stayed in the temple. Two men by the name of Chang lived in that village. They had often been in the meetings and considered themselves Christians, although I would not be ready to go quite that far. At any rate they were friends, and came out to the temple to see me.

While standing outside and talking, the fighting increased and some bullets went right over our heads. We therefore thought it wiser to step inside the temple. Once in a while, however, we would come out and have a look around. We noticed, that seven horsemen ap-

proached the village from the north, and hitched their horses behind it. We considered them northern cavalry and left it at that. Some fifteen minutes later, however, I saw through the laths of the window, that these men came around the corner of the temple, each holding his rifle ready to shoot. They then pushed the door of the temple open and commanded us to come out. The two Changs stepped out first while I came in the rear. They first took the younger man by the ear, and while putting the barrel of the gun to the ear, they pretended to shoot him. I interceded, and told them not to kill the innocent man, since he was a farmer of that village and would not in any way be dangerous to them. After searching his waist they finally let him loose. The silver dollar that he happened to carry in his belt, however, was gone. Then they got hold of the other Mr. Chang, also taking him by the ear and again setting the barrel of the gun against his head. I also pleaded for the life of this man. They carefully searched his body, did not find anything, and at last listened to my pleading and let him go. But now a fellow standing ten or more feet away from me, raised his rifle and pointed it at my abdomen. A little pulling of the trigger would have been fatal.

Many a time I have treated people in the dispensary with bullet wounds through their bodies. Was this to be my fate? There was no time to be lost, for this was not a moving picture show. In my heart I earnestly prayed to God, whom I serve, for deliverance; but I also addressed the man and asked him, why he did this, and whether he was shooting me because of all

the good that I was doing for his people. While I thus spoke, he lowered his rifle to a slant of forty-five degrees. At that moment the leader of the bunch raised his pistol, pointing it right at my chest. He demanded that the others stand apart, as he was ready to shoot. I now turned towards him and asked him, why he was so determined to shoot me. I further asked him to be reasonable, as I had never in any way done anything against him that I was a missionary and my work was purely missionary. I had been in Tsing Feng and was now on my way home. If the fighting had not begun I would be home by this time, for just a mile ahead that building was my home. I further told them, that if they were still not convinced, they might search my body, for I carry no weapons. One of the men then stepped up and felt my waist. I had neither money nor my watch with me.

By heaven's intervention just at this time one of the fellows said: "There they are," pointing towards the southeast, where some southern soldiers were coming through the cornstalks. Immediately they all jumped a step or two forward and began to shoot towards the enemy. We three quickly jumped into the temple and closed the door. For a time there was thick shooting on both sides. It was a banging and the air was full of bullets. Since the temple has two windows and one door all in the very same side, our safety was rather limited. Like a light flash the idea came to me, that I should climb on top of the big idols. One jump and I stood on top of these six-foot high ugly fellows. If they were good for anything they ought to be good

for this. But considering the matter more calmly, I came to the conclusion, that a thick brickwall provided better protection against flying bullets, than the thin tiles of the roof, so I climbed down again and laid down flat close to the wall. After a short time, which, however, seemed ages to us, the shooting became less and finally we heard the men withdraw. When at last I dared to open the door and look around, these seven horsemen had retreated to the next village. Soon we saw soldiers from the south come towards our village; some alone, and others in groups of two, four and six. To me their caps looked different, so I told my comrades, that the other troops were now approaching. I also proposed to open the temple door. To this the Changs strongly objected, but I insisted on this, for it would keep suspicion away. After opening wide the door, I sat down on a dirt banking just inside. The road leading into the village passes in front of the temple. When the young lads passed by they looked at me but went on. One, however, remarked: "The temple is not the place for a missionary to sit." I knew, too, that under ordinary circumstances it hardly was. But this day seemed rather extraordinary to me. Afterwards some of them came in and chatted for awhile.

I was anxious to get home, because there might be many wounded waiting for help, while the medical staff was small. But to go through the fields was impossible, for the soldiers from the city wall fired at anything, that they perceived moving. The southern soldiers advised me to go in a round about way and I tried it, too, but the bullets were too numerous for me,

so I quickly retreated my steps. Later an officer came into the room to have tea with me, and he offered to take me home after dark, for by that time he was to return to headquarters. I accepted this kind offer. At about eight or nine o'clock he called for me, and we marched in. The fields were full of soldiers, but one word of his carried us past all these posts.

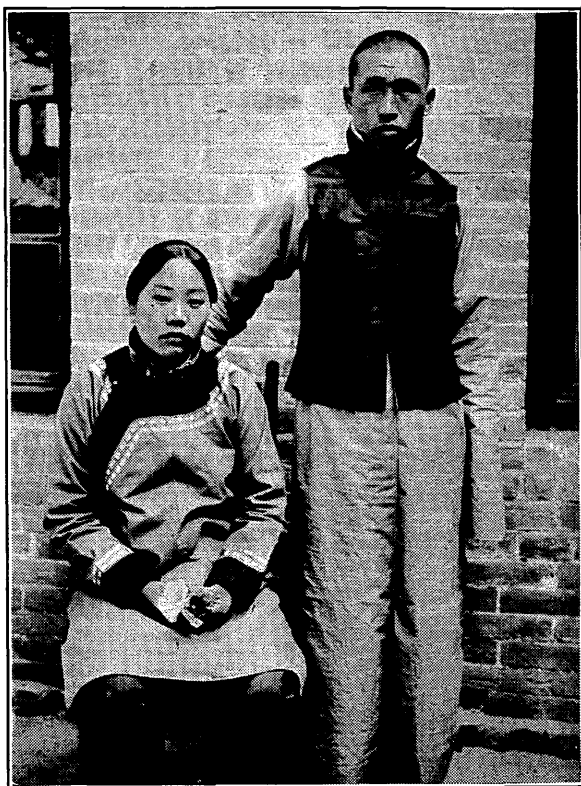
One man in the village had been killed and a number of others wounded but after all that terrific shooting one would have expected a more serious result. I stopped first in front of the hospital, and seeing a man on a bedstead placed in front of the door, I inquired who he was and what his troubles were. It happened to be a man from our village, and I found that he had been lying there with a broken leg, waiting for over two hours to have his leg tended to. I could not understand why this should be. My first inquiry, therefore, was for the doctor but this man had had another fight with the nurse, and now kept himself in hiding for fear of her enraged husband. I, therefore, went in myself and asked him to come and tend to the patient. But he would only dare to come out, if I assured him protection, for he considered himself in danger of life. The committee of sureties tried their best to settle the matter, and for six days also used much of my so limited time, but without any material results. When finally the doctor tried to make a court case out of it, I settled all financial accounts with both of them and asked them to leave the mission compound.

Just when I needed these two most, they proved themselves unfit. When they quit work, I had nine

civilian in-patients. To these I added thirty-two sick and wounded soldiers, so that my in-patients counted over forty, and besides these there were daily a number of out-patients. For all this work I had only one nurse and one orderly left to help me. Those were surely busy days; but this was by far not the only work that I had to tend to. Once I heard a reliable mission worker remark: "He does more work than eight or ten of us could stand." I myself felt the strain of it, and still I did it gladly, because there was no one else to take care of it. But I also made a firm resolution, that after my furlough, if ever I go back to the mission field, the work assigned to me must be limited to a one-man's job.

All through the summer so many unexpected and difficult things turned up, and perplexed my mind, that at last my nerves were already automatically set on the "What Next?" The whole air seemed to be filled with the "red" spirit. Even in the Christian ranks this was strongly noticeable. Some of my Chinese co-workers, yes I dare say the majority, were simply jewels; but others were quite the contrary. There was a kind of an uncertain feeling among the people. If one had not strong trust in God and in his fellowmen, too, one hesitated to go forward to do a thing. Once some of my Chinese brethren asked me, whether I had of late passed through the village Ch'ang Fu Ch'iao on my auto. My answer was to the affirmative. "Well," they said, "did you notice anybody following your car?" I replied, "No, I did not, but what about it?" They then went on to explain that a Red Spear man had been telling around, that he followed me for several miles,





Mr. and Mrs. Liu Ch'ing Hsuan  
Evangelist and Biblewoman



trying to catch up while I would pass through the sandy places, saying that if he only could have caught up, he would not have returned as long as I were alive. I had often passed through that village before; but as good luck would have it, I never had occasion to pass through that place since. The head man of that same village and chief leader of the Red Spear Society of our district became the head military man of our district for a while. While he was sitting in my room, I talked nice to him, that is praising him and his men a little. But he turned to me and replied: "No, that is not quite the fact. You can, of course, rely upon me, that as far as my strength and ability go, I will protect you and your work, for I know that you are bringing great sacrifices for the Chinese people; but you must not trust these my men. Some of them are real bad fellows."

In the city two lady teachers of our school had had trouble all year round, and then it broke out anew. Repeatedly I was urged to go to town and help settle the affair. One day I did go. I invited these teachers into the office and then exhorted them to lay by these misunderstandings. One was willing and admitted her fault, but the other wanted to have every particle of trouble from a year's standing rehearsed. I gave her full time to state her case; but whenever she ended and I asked whether she had still anything new to say, she replied, that she had, and then told the old story over again. Now I had already sat there for three hours, and it was now far past my mealtime, but still there was no end to be seen. Finally I said, "We have now heard both sides of the case in great detail, we will,

for the present, consider ourselves dismissed. I shall pray over this matter, and in a few days we shall see to what conclusion it leads us." But the one refused to move. If it took days, she was determined to keep us sitting. I finally got up and prepared to go, but she still would not move. So I took her gently by the hand and led her outside the door, so that I could lock up the house.

When she sat down on the steps and began to cry, I decided to leave her where she was, and so I passed by and went out of that rear yard, intending to pass the girl's school and the church and then leave the yard by the main gate in front. At first she again started to scream as she had done the day before, when I was not present; but when she noticed me walking off, she jumped up, came running out of the rear yard, and made a heathenish noise. I told her to behave and be quiet as she was gathering in all the neighbors for a show, as had happened some days ago. By that time I was getting so terribly ashamed of the whole situation, that I did not know what I should do. If I could have jumped the wall, or hid myself in the ground, I would gladly have done so. I still had about sixty or seventy yards to the front gate, and the thought came to me very strongly, that if I could only get away from this nasty woman in hesteria. So I quickly moved towards the front, but the woman jumped up, and ran after me, screamed and grabbed me by the arm. To drag her on the street seemed worse than murder, so I gave her a severe push, tore myself loose and quickly left the yard.

The things seemed terrible to me; but what else could I have done? The local evangelist said afterwards: "You may consider it bad, but to have dragged her onto the street would have been far worse." When I got home, I immediately called in the Bible women, told them about it, and asked them to go and see the teacher. I admitted my inability to handle the situation. As the school was to close inside a week, I offered to release the teacher from duty and have her taken home, for she was from another province. The Bible women later reported that the teacher regretted her conduct, had nothing against me, and would prefer to stay out her last week and then go home. Dissatisfied people and unsuccessful office seekers around me have distorted this incident and tried to blacken my name by spreading wrong reports of it. However if the case had been more serious and not fully settled, the teacher would not have accepted my invitation six days later to attend a dinner party in my house. And two weeks later, when she was getting married, I was invited to officiate.

Another incident of an unpleasant nature I had when the superintendent of the Sunday School in the city was out of work, because the day-school committee chose not to re-engage him as teacher, and the same thing held true in regard to the Sunday School treasurer. They wanted me to overrule the committee's decision. This, of course, I could not do, so they were both out of work. And I dare say, that most of the unpleasant things said about me came from these two men. Finally the superintendent left the place and

went to his own home town some sixty or seventy miles away. When the S. S. treasurer was asked for the accounts and the cash, he claimed to have given the money to the superintendent. But since he had been elected by the church he remained responsible to the church. I once asked his father whether he knew about these, his son's affairs. Evidently, he later asked his son, how this was, at any rate, I very soon got a long letter from his son. In the first part of it he was saying a lot of good things about me, but finally he accused me of things, that he knew were not true, and in the end he asked me to leave the country before it might be too late. This was a Bolshevistic threat. I called for his father-in-law, let him read the letter, and asked him to help the young and hot-headed fellow to get straight. He went to him, talked sense to him, and convinced him of his error. So the young man regretted his unwise behavior. He further promised to pay over the Sunday School funds, and be good after that.

## THE ROUGH AND THE REWARD

Now after you have read this book, and especially the previous chapter, you may rather feel that there has already been a due portion of roughness encountered, but as a matter of fact only a small portion of the various difficult experiences have been related. However, in order not to become burdensome, I shall slight the first part of the title and dwell more upon the reward. We sow in tears and we gather in with rejoicing. The very fact that one succeeds or only partly succeeds brings happiness to him, and thus may be considered as a reward in itself. This can be said without treating lightly the fact that there is a sure and eternal reward in heaven for every true life lived.

Some of my friends, while reading the preceding chapters, may somewhat have felt as if things were rather going wrong, and they may even have begun to look at mission work as almost hopeless. I have, as a matter of fact, been dwelling more upon the sowing of the seed of better life and have occasionally brought out some of the difficulties connected with such work. But I am glad, indeed, to have an opportunity today to present the "sunny side" of the situation. There have been times of snow and rain with dreary days, and even a few thunderbolts have pierced the sky. But now look here what a bright and sunny day is following. Were

days ever more clear and skies ever more blue than after the storm, the clouds and the rain?

When eighteen years ago we moved to K'ai Chou, that city and the whole of our field were simply in heathen darkness. There were no redeemed and happy souls to be found. All were enslaved by sin and were under the fear of the evil one. They knelt before dead idols and tried in their own way to find peace from that inner torment of sin. In the whole field there was not one place for them to hear the blessed message of salvation. There was no high school for young men, and young ladies to prepare themselves for life, and even the day schools were very few for boys and none at all for girls. We saw some boys sitting and trying to memorize the Sages and the girls forced to submit to the torture of foot-binding. They had never seen and could not imagine a girl or a woman with natural feet. Girls were not considered children but "guests," for they would, after all, belong to their mother-in-laws. When a boy came into the family, it was joy, but when a girl had been born, shame and disgrace. Often the father would not dare to show his face in company, and many of these poor creatures somehow did not live for many days. The people had an expression saying, "I have thrown my little one to the dogs," referring to the custom of throwing the corpses of little children into the fields instead of burying them. Many a time little girls got there, although being yet quite alive. Almost before our eyes larger girls were sold to slave dealers. One Sunday morning in our neighbor's yard a girl of perhaps fifteen years, who had often visited our meet-





**The Poor and the Sick**



ings, was tied down on a wheelbarrow and taken away by force.

Then, furthermore the district had no hospital, where the sick and the numerous wounded could be treated and, if possible, healed. There was not a single person in five counties who had ever studied medicine. A number of quack-doctors were around; but all that they knew, was to torture the sick and already suffering ones. Who had ever before heard that a man with trachoma infected eyes, must have his eyebrows blistered with a hot iron, so as to drive the evil spirit out? Or that most any kind of pain in the body must be treated by pricking with a big rusty needle? They always took for granted that the cause of the ailment lay in the fact that an evil spirit resided in the body and tortured it.

The people were almost entirely cut off from the outside, and the majority of them had all their life never been ten miles away from the place, where they lived or better existed. These people actually, bodily, intellectually, and spiritually groped in darkness. After some of these poor souls had learned a little and had received peace into their hearts, they sometimes did ask some stiff questions. For example: "Are there many Christians in America? When did you first hear of Christ the Savior? Why did you wait so long before you came to tell us of Christ's love for us?"

We have from the first found blessed results. Not in mass movements, but in being able to bring physical, mental and spiritual help to some among them. After eighteen years you now find a Christian community of

around seven hundred people, not mentioning those that have gone to their reward, for of those we have quite a number, too; and some of them in their last hours saw the heavens open, and with smiling faces they went home. The homes and the lives of most of these Christians still living register a great change. Some of these homes we can well be proud of. I frankly admit that these Christians are far from being perfect, but where are perfect people to be found? When I see this great change in their lives, my heart rejoices. They almost to a man abstain from smoking, strong drink and similar evils. But not only has their life been intellectually and spiritually enriched, but very many that as yet do not belong to the Christian group, have through our schools, Sunday Schools, preaching and literature, and also in coming in contact with people of a higher standard of life, greatly changed their ideas and their own way of living. There are now a number of intelligent young men in business, who once were students of our schools. Without a mission, they would have grown up in ignorance.

But I hope that no one will reason that an intellectual goal is all that our schools stand for. No, they are strongly evangelistic. During these years of study many students make decisions for Christ as their Lord and Savior; and they do more, they consecrate part of their time during their school years for service in evangelistic lines among other pupils and out in the villages. But even students, who do not join up with the Christian ranks during the school years, have received a Bible knowledge that can later be the means of bringing



Students and diplomas



them to Christ. As for Christian workers out of the student ranks, any one can easily see that for a young mission of eighteen years they could not be numerous. But we already have some, whom I would call jewels in my crown; and there are others that are still away studying in higher institutions, where they take the lead among the students and several especially as to higher spiritual life. I have received letters both from some students and from their principals, that made my heart glad. Some of these men, whether at school or already actually at work, not only themselves live exemplary lives but their hearts are deeply burdened for the intellectual and spiritual uplift of their race. They work and pray as if they were directly responsible for the welfare of their "neighbors."

I mentioned the quack doctors, but we have gotten far beyond them, in that we now have a hospital with nice clean rooms for the sick. There are graduated doctors and nurses ready for service. Many ailments, that the patients before had to bear in their body until death, can now be removed in a comparatively short time. But the hospital with its medical staff is not there only to cure people from their diseases, but also to instruct people how to keep well. This is done during the ordinary routine work among the patients and also in special lectures to leaders. During the summer institute, when preachers and men and lady teachers meet for a six-week study, the hospital staff has rendered service in lecturing to these ninety some leaders. At other times it has again given open lectures for everybody. By demonstrating better housing, cleaner

and well aired rooms, and in general a more sanitary way of living and adding to these the verbal explanations, we have a great effective way of imparting knowledge of better ways of living into the people, and we are thus also giving them a strong stimulus to strive for them.

In all the six counties there are now centres of Christian work, and there are many places in the country, too, where through teaching and preaching the people receive help. Two big tents travel through the regions farther away and constantly spread the light. The healed patients returning home, the one thousand five hundred students going back to their community, the two thousand Sunday School pupils taking a message along home, and the crowds that come out of the churches and tents with a new outlook of life, all have received help and are ready to pass it on. These are only a few of the many things that to me stand out conspicuously as a great reward for all the hard toil and trying experiences that I with my dear coworkers have had to go through. But more I am persuaded that "one-half has never been told." The sowing has been going on through all these years, and the greater part is still in the process of developing. Shall we not then by right look forward to the great day that is coming, and help it on?

I shall never forget the vision which I had, but largely kept for myself in that I refrained from publishing it. At Rochester, New York, during my seminary work, there was a time, when I was greatly burdened in heart for some other pupils; and at the same time had





**Girls in Mission School**



to contend with doubts whether it would really ever happen that I should have the joy of going to the mission field. There were physical ailments, financial troubles and other reasons for these doubts. I suppose weakness of faith in me was also a great hindrance. Like St. Peter I let my eyes rest upon the sea of difficulty instead of having it fixed upon Jesus. Well, that night when all alone in my room while I waited before the Lord in prayer, I noticed the dark room all lit up, and high before me in the air I saw a big cross and just above it a beautiful golden crown with a number of precious stones inset. Under the crown I saw plainly the words, "Your Reward," and under the cross, "But You Must Work Hard." It was not in a dream, for I was wide awake, and what I saw was all very clear and quite distinct. It was a most wonderful revelation to me, and it has ever since been a great encouragement. Hard work and a big cross, that is the lot assigned me by my Master. Why should I then blame others for my troubles, or try to dodge my hard and difficult tasks? Above that cross is the most beautiful crown, that my Savior's own hand is handing down to me. But how can I, such weak, faulty and sinful human being, ever dare to put it on my head? Shall I not rather put it at my Savior's feet, recognizing that it is all my Savior's grace and mercy? Oh, wonderful, how wonderful is my Savior's love for me!

"Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ  
Wealth that can never be told—  
Riches exhaustless of mercy and grace,  
Precious, more precious than gold!

"Precious, more precious—  
Wealth that can never be told:  
Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!  
Precious, more precious than gold.

"Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!  
Who shall their greatness declare!  
Jewels whose luster our lives may adorn,  
Pearls that the poorest may wear.

"Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!  
Freely, how freely they flow:  
Making the souls of the faithful and true  
Happy wherever they go.

"Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!  
Who would not gladly endure  
Trials, afflictions and crosses on earth,  
Riches like these to secure!"

## THE CHINESE INDIGENOUS CHURCH

Not that such a complete organization exists already, but the Christians there and especially the leaders among them do demand it. Since it is always easier to simply ask for a thing than to go ahead and meet the conditions required for obtaining it, we may do well in examining the situation as to three well organized conditions of indigenoussness, and note in how far these have been or in the near future are going to be met by the Chinese Christians.

But we also will do well to keep in mind the unique character of Christianity in general, which has caused it to persist through nineteen centuries and to make its way among the nations, even to China. It is not political but spiritual. The past teaches us, that only when it kept aloof of political matters, did it spiritually grow, and so it will be in China. But still it upholds all proper national ideals and is full of sympathy with national consciousness. This is strongly felt in the Christian circles of China. The accusations therefore against their religion and themselves being "alien" to China and its welfare are entirely wrong. Christianity in its very nature is universal. It has always been opposed, wherever it spread but its glory is that it has progressed in the face of opposition; and we can clearly see that it is progressing here in China even now.

The old sneering appellation of Chinese converts.

as being "Rice Christians" has been abundantly disproved and rebuked. Exceptions cannot form a rule. During the present upheaval the Christian's characteristic to suffer and endure for his faith has been strongly manifested. In West China, shortly after the Nanking tragedy, a prominent pastor, a graduate of West China Christian University, said to a group gathered at a social affair: "Men may tear down yon beautiful church building, so that not a brick or a stone is left, but they cannot tear down the church of Jesus Christ. He lives in our hearts, and we are His church. If that building is torn down in the course of time we shall build another." The National forces have behaved rather badly in some places and they seem to make it their purpose to enter houses, schools, hospitals and churches, either owned by local congregations or at least in their charge while the foreign workers have withdrawn. In many places the Christians have been persecuted, and especially have their leaders been singled out for attacks on life and property. They have endured many hardships; and still those that have left the faith are not many, but on the contrary a number of followers of Jesus Christ have been won. Even before the revolution interfered with the order of things, and the missionaries were still on their stations, we relied largely for the propagation of the Gospel on the Chinese. The task of giving the Gospel to the four hundred million people is so great and the difficulties of language and customs so numerous, that we cannot think of depending upon the foreign missionaries in carrying it out. In my mind there is no doubt that the Chinese brethren must shoulder the

responsibility of doing it. The task is great and the whole work may require time; but it must and can be done. It is gratifying to know that the Chinese church locally organized does even now in limited territory carry on this work of propagation.

The financial responsibility is rather more difficult to shoulder, but in places where Christian work has been going on for a longer period of time, there are many entirely self-supporting churches, and even in our so comparatively new field there are a number of partly independent churches, that is, they pay a part but not all of their running expenses. So that, although not all places are ready to carry the full financial burden, there are scores and scores of local churches in China, that are doing it and some new ones are constantly falling in line. This, however, must not be confused with mission work and all its institutions. To me the church need not necessarily take over all these institutions, although there are a number of local churches that are supporting some such institutions: Besides there is the Chinese Mission Society, that has a number of missionaries in the field, and its support also comes from Christian groups and individuals. If you ask me then whether the Chinese church is meeting this second requirement of an indigenous church, I answer that according to my humble judgment she is beginning to meet it and she will even more do so as the years come and go.

Our faith in the future of Christianity in China and our hope for it reside in the Christian Chinese, as splendid and devoted and loyal a body of people as the world

has ever seen. They have often been tested and tried to the utmost. The stories of fidelity and steadfastness by both clergy and lay people alike under persecution and hideous torment presents one of the most marvelous recitals of the present era. But we must go further than simply admitting passive endurance for the Master's sake. Many of these Chinese Christian leaders had already for years held responsible positions under the mission organizations, and in some places much of the mission work had in recent years already been shifted upon local Chinese bodies; but when the wholesale evacuation of missionaries came, the whole work was quite suddenly thrust upon the shoulders of the Chinese Christian leaders. It is true that the missionaries did not withdraw permanently; but for the time being the Chinese co-workers had to shoulder the responsibility. They did it, and even under such abnormal conditions of war and a general upheaval, and that also under plans and methods of work, which belonged to the missionaries and were at least partly foreign to them. They have as a whole made a fairly good success of it. "Missionaries almost unanimously report Christian work going forward under the direction of local Chinese leaders. Christian work has been shocked but it has not stopped. It has fallen more heavily upon Chinese shoulders and become more the concern of Chinese hearts and minds than ever before. In this regard the revolution has really pushed Christian work forward." Coming back then to the indigenous church itself, there is no doubt in my mind that the Chinese Christian leaders are ready to take up the responsibility



of self-government for the Chinese indigenous church. By what has just been said, we see that there is a strong possibility for the Chinese church to be able to meet the three requirements of an indigenous church, namely that it shall be self-governing, self-supporting, and self-propagating.

The term church or indigenous church presents a rather vague idea. By it we are never quite clear what is meant. There is a possibility that no two people will have exactly the same conception of its meaning. Generally speaking it must have the three foregoing characteristics, but what about its scope? I think that the western definition of its scope would be by far too limited for the Chinese brethren. The very point that missionaries in the past have so strongly emphasized, namely denominationalism, the Chinese Christian leaders, and I dare say the Chinese Christians as a body condemn. Ever since the 1922 National Christian Conference they have been hammering against denominationalism. They frankly tell us that they do not understand the historical background of the division. May they be ever so vital and dear to the mother churches, they are of no interest to them (the Chinese Christians). They do not want division but unity in Christ Jesus. The Chinese desire for closer unity is an insistent urge, and it is rapidly gaining in strength. The Chinese have a tolerant attitude towards differing religions, which makes sectarian isolation largely meaningless; and when it comes right down to the Christian ranks, this is even more noticeable. Missionaries that come from very strict and closed churches of the West have by

sheer force of Chinese Christian opinion been compelled to open up and recognize members of other churches as fellow Christians without compelling them to go through certain ceremonies. Some of the denominations of the West would have been shocked, and maybe they would have recalled their representatives, if they had heard and fully known, how these missionaries transgressed against the regulations of their mother church in having sweet fellowship with God's children of other denominations. But the Christian's demand in China at present goes much farther, it does not ask for tolerance, it does not even ask for recognition, but it asks for unity, for one Christian church for all China. The nationalistic aspiration is political unification; and in the church we have the Christian desire for unity of the body of Christ. It needs the strength found in solidarity, which is so essential for a comparatively weak movement numerically speaking, striving against enormous odds in an environment constantly changing, often critical and sometimes inimical. The Chinese Christians have been united more than ever through, firstly, the widespread criticism and suffering, which has been the lot of so many of them in the last year, and, secondly, through a growing eagerness to realize Christ's vision of fellowship. The chief emphasis in the urge for Christian unity does not seem to lie either on one all-embracing organization or on creedal uniformity. It is a movement toward a free and cooperative fellowship. Much fellowship apart from sacramental or ritualistic unity already exists. To extend this as a preparation for a closer relation is the next step. Out

of this rise for unity a greater and more inclusive and dynamic fellowship is sure to come. Although the Chinese Christian leaders are themselves not quite ready to outline, at this moment, what form it is finally going to take; in constantly looking up to their Master in prayer, they are sure that by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, they shall not fail to realize this blessing of unity. This happens to be the passion week, and we are again strongly reminded of Christ's prayer for unity among His followers and for unity of His followers with Himself. May this then also be our prayer, but more, may we not leave one stone unturned in order to help bringing this about in the near future.

## SHALL THE MISSIONARIES RETURN TO CHINA

Let me here in the very beginning acknowledge that by many reports that have come from missionaries who of late have visited their fields, it is known that there is a rapid and unmistakable growth and development of many of our Chinese Christians upon whom were suddenly placed heavier responsibilities than they had ever borne alone. They could see this growth in the very faces, attitude and spirit of those who were suddenly thrust more fully under the burden, in the confidence with which they were doing the work, in the skill and resourcefulness acquired in dealing directly and to a great extent unaided with trying conditions, in the quality of the work being done and the successful conduct of the complex administrative problems connected therewith. This all speaks for the fact that the work of the missionaries in the years past has been a decided success. Although when we look back upon it now, we see many things in our own work that we cannot approve of now, and there even are some things that we deeply regret and that make us feel ashamed. Missionaries, like other human beings, are far from being perfect. But on the other hand there are people who seem to find pleasure in exaggerating the differences between the religious workers of the East and the West.

The missionaries and the mission organizations

have been subjected to severe criticisms unjustly as well as justly. Not all who set themselves up as spokesmen for the Chinese church have a valid claim to the title. The world at large, especially outside of China, has great difficulty among the babel of voices in distinguishing which ones deserve more heed and which ones less. Biased critics have exaggerated the faults and mistakes of missionaries, and have magnified the differences between them and their Chinese colleagues to such an extent as to place the westerners under heavy handicap and to generate some actual friction in some places. This kind of false publicity is undermining confidence in the missionaries and in the value of their work in the minds of their supporters. To be sure the shortcomings of missionaries need not be minimized or proper criticism curbed in the least degree. But it is important to know the truth and to refuse to listen to loose talk that cannot be verified or that may pertain to one or two persons, and therefore should not be generalized.

There is a significant warmth, insistence and persistence of the call from our Chinese friends that the missionaries return at an early date. In fact, on our own field the Chinese Christian leaders from the very first objected to the evacuation and ever since have held that the missionaries ought to come back. Later in the Chinese Conference a joint expression to this effect was made. This call of the Chinese church under present circumstances produces in us one of the most beautiful and heart-winning experiences, and it demonstrates a high degree of broad-mindedness and sweet Christian spirit

and true insight into the deeper meanings and possibilities of interracial Christian fellowship in service. Without such invitation the missionaries could hardly return.

The majority of missionaries, too, would be only too glad, if political conditions warrant it, to go back at an early date. In fact many male missionaries and some few lady missionaries, too, have already gone back to their stations, and besides these a goodly number had never left the field. But we are concerned about the big body of missionaries, so that we can, for our purpose, well ignore those that have either never left or that temporarily stayed on and even those that now have returned. The missionary body has not as yet returned and with this we are concerned. That there is a great need for missionaries and their work in China for many years yet to come, no one that knows the facts will deny. For many years yet to come the Chinese church will have all the work that it wants and can do in the needed evangelization of nearby districts and possibly in giving the Christian children an elementary education that will carry with it Bible instruction and building of Christian character. This, then, leaves higher education, including theological seminary work, medical work, and the evangelization of the remoter places to organizations supported by foreign funds and staffed by Chinese and foreign workers. The mission as an organization for carrying on this kind of work, of course, has to go, for it is and by its very nature always will be foreign. In its stead we need a new organization, that will be free from foreign stigma, that will be so organized that it gives the Chinese church from the

very beginning a large control in it, and makes it possible for the Chinese Christians to gradually take over all responsibility.

Some people may ask. that since both sides have expressed their earnest desire to have the missionaries return to their former work, and further, since the need is great, why then not simply let them go back and resume their former work? But as has been brought out there really has been some misunderstanding between the missionary on one hand and the Chinese colleagues on the other. Then, too, there is the unequal-treaty objection, with which the present missionaries, it is true, had nothing to do, but former missionaries had a hand in the framing of those documents, but all our missionaries now have to live under these treaties. They are not ugly instruments, and what is provided therein every independent nation ought to grant other nationals; but the point of objection from the Chinese seems to be that the other nations require China to consent to these regulations. They touch the self-respect of the Chinese. I am sure that the Chinese are willing if they get an opportunity to offer the missionaries out of their own accord all and even more liberty than is provided in those ill-favored documents. In order to do away with all prejudice this ought to be tended to.

And further through this lapse of one year since the evacuation many changes have taken place. It is therefore impossible for the missionaries simply to go back and take up their work again. A great readjustment has to be made. Some persons think that it is better for the missionaries to get back to their stations

first and deal with all these matters afterward. There really is much to be said in favor of this view, for some of these matters can neither be settled easily nor quickly; and I have found in my work of this kind last summer, that it is really unhandy to have the mission away from the field in negotiating with my Chinese colleagues on some of these matters. But this is not all the truth. In some missions these matters are of years' standing; during which time apparently little progress has been made toward their solution. The parties concerned were getting along somehow, and there was no way by which those that were dissatisfied could have moved the defenders of the status quo to inaugurate changes. If changes in the status and functions of the foreign missionaries are really needed, and I have no doubt in this, will it not be easier to agree on the nature of these changes and to provide for a new basis now, than after the missionaries have returned to their stations, re-established their homes, and become engrossed in numerous activities? If after careful consideration, we come to the conclusion jointly, that those old paths were best, we can, with confidence, return to them. But we should avoid the danger of blindly slipping back into the old futile ruts. As mentioned before I have been for years working on a committee for Chinese foreign cooperative work, and to me this seems to be our best opportunity to blaze new trails to more glorious heights of achievements.

The temptation besets us to choose the course that appears easier at the moment, and to evade confronting these issues of the Christian work in China squarely.



Nobody wants controversy, for we all long for fellowship. After we have now been separated for such a long time from our Chinese brethren, we are in our hearts just longing for their fellowship. We are now most weary from these long months of waiting. And our Chinese brethren are almost crushed under the heavy burden of responsibilities that seem almost unbearable. The missionary is therefore inclined to fly to the rescue; and he is willing to forget the past, get back to the long interrupted tasks and make up for lost time. But is it really the best thing to do? The question of resumption in any particular case may not be so simple as it appears to individuals and groups immediately concerned. Before any decisions are made for missionaries to return to their stations, they and the Chinese friends who invite them, should try to insure that the step is not being taken merely on grounds of personal inclination, nor of local and temporary expediency. The enterprise of foreign mission is very extensive and complex. Some times it is difficult to know, how far the influence of one act may extend and how it may affect the whole Christian movement in China.

Although it is not too early to think about these things and to work hard trying to prepare a most satisfactory way for both sides, we must remember facts before us, namely that in many places there is still severe fighting and in other places the bandits are creating great havoc. So that there still remains uncertainty as to what might happen. The risk is one that confronts Chinese residents as well as missionaries; and the missionaries should be willing to share it with their Chinese

colleagues. But a much more important aspect of the situation is the new relationship between the missionaries and the Chinese Christians and churches which recent events have pushed into the front. The return of missionaries should therefore be undertaken with due regard of maintaining the delicate balance of this new and long desired relationship of Chinese leadership and missionary cooperators. That the missionary working under Chinese bodies—the missionary status now emerging—will have plenty to do, is quite evident. Chinese Christian groups should be so constituted, however, that they can, as Christian organizations, render their united judgment in this matter, and Chinese Christian bodies must define more explicitly the task they desire their missionary colleagues to take over. For to me it seems that our missionaries are going back to the most difficult, delicate and complex tasks that they have ever faced.

Fascinating and challenging as the tasks are they are far more difficult than the tasks that met even the first missionaries. It will require a wisdom, tact and selfrestraint, a sympathetic discernment of what Christ meant in His prayer that we should all be one, a depth and reality of spiritual life and insight, that can only come through much prayer and a special enduement from above. There is a new psychology pervading the minds of our Chinese co-workers, wholly different from that what we know it to be from before. They may not be conscious of it, but it is there; and we must know it intimately and sympathetically appreciate it; and further we must fit ourselves into it intelligently, or else we

and the cause that we represent, will be discredited. To go back to the work able to stimulate and not retard this new and rapid development of capacity for leadership without renewing the old relationship of foreign control in so far as it exists, to restrain our counsels, seeking to advise with rather than advise or even to demand, and when needful to subdue western initiative so that it takes no advantage of Chinese courtesy, in short, to be worthy of this "welcome back" and justify it in a newer and deeper communion of spirit and service—these form a divine challenge in all that is best in the missionary mind and heart. I am sure that it can be successfully met, if our hearts are fully surrendered to our Master, and we are willing to serve, as He came not to be served but to serve.

## THE HOME TRIP

Autumn had at last come and four of my missionary co-workers, Rev. Pannabecker, Dr. Pannabecker, Miss Sprunger and Miss Neufeld, were now back at K'ai Chou to oversee the work. This showed great courage on their part, especially since our Counsel General was not in favor of having missionaries go back to the interior and would grant only temporary permits to gentlemen and none to ladies. The latter came therefore on their own risks, but as I see it, especially called by God, for even if I had stayed on, I could not have properly overseen the work that these sisters were in charge of. As to myself, my furlough was due and my family had already been in America for the last seven months. It therefore appeared best to me that I should go on furlough also and join my family. In this way I could prepare myself for further service just as soon as conditions improved in the China situation. One month after the Mission granted the furlough, I had visited once more all my branches of work, settled all outstanding matters, and handed in a complete audited account to my successors. October 31 was fixed as the date of leaving the Mission field via India and Europe for America.

When I saw so many Christian friends at K'ai Chou come out to bid me farewell, my heart was greatly moved. In these days of political disturbance and agitation against the Christian religion and foreign



**Kai Chow East suburb  
Brown's farewell**

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influence in general, one neither expects nor wishes to have grand send-offs; but nevertheless here it was: feasts, presentation of great silk banners, and a large crowd to bid me farewell. Through the extra heavy load of work prior to my leaving and all these expressions of appreciation and Christian love I was for the time being almost carried off my feet; but after I had left the mission station and was traveling toward the coast, I found time for meditation. Quietly in my mind I lived these experiences all over again. Like in a clear picture I saw all my dear friends before me. There were those few missionaries upon whose shoulders the heavy burden of the work now rested, and there were my Chinese co-workers in the schools, in the station churches, and in the evangelistic tent. I have greatly enjoyed to work together with them in the Lord's vineyard, but now they will have to forego my help. Tears rolled over my cheeks when I thought about it all. However my heart found comfort to know that the Lord Jesus would be true to all His promises, that He will be near them to keep and to bless.

Since the country was so upset by war and banditry, the ordinary way to Shanghai was cut off. The first day I traveled by mule cart, the second by auto-bus to Tsinanfu. From there I had train connections to Tsingtao, a city situated on the coast of the Yellow Sea. It was built up by the Germans before the World War on low mountains adjoining the sea. Its harbor is good and it has natural fortifications. It is one of China's summer resorts. First the Japanese authorities and now those of the Chinese have neglected to keep the

place up. Although it has lost some of its former beauty and cleanliness, still in houses and streets one notices the former German masterhand. I should have embarked here on the M. S. Fulda for India, but through some neglect of the Shanghai agency, by which my arrangements were made, I was asked to buy another Tsingtao-Shanghai ticket. Under such circumstances I preferred to buy a third-class ticket on a Japanese steamer and leave ahead of time for Shanghai, where I easily had the matter readjusted, so that on the day of the arrival of the M. S. Fulda I was ready to board her and start on my long trip. The passage on the Japanese steamer gave me an opportunity to get in contact with some better educated Chinese, who were both antiforeign and anti-Christian. Some of their accusations were clear proof of ignorance of Christian work, and some of the rest came from persons that purposely misrepresented missionaries and their work. My frank talk on these points seemed to do my fellow travelers good. By frankly discussing the matter with these men the mist rolled away and they became friendly and treated me respectfully. Later I met a Mr. Chang on the way to Hongkong, who became very friendly and at Hongkong insisted to have me and P. Schnurbus have a meal with him in a Chinese restaurant. He was friendly inclined to the Germans and to the Americans; but he bit his teeth and insisted that there would be no peace as long as England occupied Hongkong. This city has a very good harbor, and situated at the foot of the mountains on the shore of a strait is very beautiful. The tram and cable cars carry one up the steep moun-

tains almost to the top. From the ship one sees the city with these beautiful green covered hills as backgrounds, and again from the top of the hills one looks down upon it stretching out along the shore, having the harbor with all the ships as a background. In each case the scene is wonderful.

I find Manila in many ways just the opposite from Hongkong. It is situated on a level plain. Even on clear days the mountains in the distance are hardly to be seen. The old walled-in city is very small, and it has narrow streets with houses several hundred years old bordering them. In contrast to this the new city outside the walls has more modern houses, even some big new structures. What impressed me most, however, are the wide streets with green lawns, and trees on both sides. When one gets out into these streets, onto these lawns, and into these parks, one begins to breathe again, and slowly there comes back a feeling of American freedom. After leaving my dear old China this was the only place, so far, where during the time that the ship pulled out of harbour, my feelings got the better of me and tears rolled down my cheeks. Around the harbor one finds everything arranged in a business like way. The people are somewhat lighter in complexion than the Chinese. They are rather quiet but friendly. The American government has opened schools throughout the islands; so that now most of the children are attending school and thus get an intelligent preparation for life. Numerically the Philippine Islands are strongly Roman Catholic; about ninety-five per cent of the population is registered in that church.

However it is rather sad to report that, although they are outwardly Christian, there is far too little of active Christian life. The church itself, although it has somewhat a higher standard than that of South America, is far below from what could be considered an American standard. For these reasons, if for no others, the Protestant missions are welcome to the islands. They can help some directly, and they become the means of raising the Roman Catholic standard. One tendency of the youth is, that after he has gotten a fairly good education, he looks down upon manual labor as being something beneath his dignity. If he attends school in America, he is quite willing to work his way through, but when he comes back to his own people, he is not willing to stoop down and perform common labor. therefore he generally becomes an office seeker. These men are persistent and do not care to give in until they obtain their desire. American officials are often very much annoyed by these office seekers. I heard of such an applicant who, after having been refused, brought several chickens as a present. Chickens are rare, and even government people hardly ever indulge more than once a week in chicken, but here were two and the next morning another two and so on until the official became chicken-shy and granted the request.

The Sumatra natives are also small in stature and are of still lighter skin than those of the Philippine Islands. Again the Malays of Singapore, and the Ceylonese and the Indians are all of a much darker complexion. The faces of the latter ones are of a different shape, and both men and women are of tall stature.

Singapore is a beautiful place with a fine harbor; but the piers are far away and hidden by big coal piles. The arrangement is poor. The business houses, too, are rather scattered; however the botanical garden with good roads and streets makes it a beautiful place. The Island Sumatra right across the strait is a beautiful country. It has a tropical forest, and it also has large plantations; but the Belawan harbor at the mouth of the Belawan River is rather poor. It has no city nearby but just a small village. One has to take the train or auto to Medan, which means a good half hour's ride. Personally, if time had allowed, I should have liked to take a further trip into the interior in order to visit the Mennonite Mission, but I had been informed that the trip was not easy, and that it would take more time. I therefore found it necessary to leave this out of my program. The jungle extends right up to the harbor, and is supposed to contain wild animals. I took an hour's walk into it, but saw nothing but apes. All of a sudden a group of big ants jumped from a bush onto my neck and made me suffer for my venturing out.

Ceylon is a very beautiful island. From Colombo to Kandy on the train one travels through very nice scenery. It is just wonderful! Way below in the valleys one sees the green rice fields. The mountain sides again are covered with tea bushes on terraces; then again rubber plantations, even up to the very top of the mountains. All trees, even those of the forest, are made use of. Everything is parcelled out. There is no spot that has not an owner and there is no family that does not have real estate property. Kandy has

the best botanical garden in the Far East. It is just grand! There are so many tropical fruit trees to be found there; and when you think of all the spices that you use in your kitchen, like cloves, pepper, mixed spices, nutmeg, and what not, it is all right there before you. One also finds medicine trees, as camphor and cocaine. There are coffee trees, tea bushes, and the cocoa trees. Everything is right there on the spot. No wonder that a poet sings: "What tho' the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."

South India does not at all compare with Ceylon. India's mountains are barren like those of China. Then, too, one notices so much uncultivated land. Some is used for grazing, but again some is simply, as it seems, continuing in shrubs and bushes. The first impressions of a visitor clearly point to the fact that the Indians are not intensive farmers. I must, by this time, have become quite Chinesy, but it is very striking to me to see so much land, so much burning material in the rice fields, and so much fertilizer all going to waste, when at the same time the people are poor and very much in need. Proper agricultural methods would change the hard lot of these people immensely. India has its mountains and its valleys, rich fields and barren prairies. Generally speaking the northern provinces are richer and more fertile. In the South I have seen deserts and also great stretches of a very stony surface. This especially holds true in the Deccan Province. Large districts there are almost worthless. In the Central Provinces and further north one also finds some forest. But this is more in the nature of shrubs or at least small

trees. Throughout all the fields one can see some trees, but in and around the villages there are considerably more. It is important to note that the farmers have not really planted these trees, they have rather sprung up all by themselves, and the government forbids the people to cut them down. In the South rice is the main crop, but in places where access to sufficient water cannot be had, one notices also other grain on dry farming. But wherever one goes, even in the most fertile districts, there are large stretches of uncultivated ground used as grazing land. There are a number of good kinds of fruit to be had. Soil and climate would permit to greatly increase the number of varieties; but the farmers are determined to have the crop the same year they plant. To plant trees and then wait a number of years before they bear is a process too slow for them. During the first part of the summer it is very hot, and after the rainy season it remains sultry for some time. But during the winter months the weather is most pleasant.

India has a number of rivers, some of them are quite long. During the rainy period they swell so that there is always danger of floods and damages and again during the rest of the time many of them are almost dry. Our mission field is crossed by several of these streams. In our field the roads are poor, and during the rainy time impassable. I noticed that in the districts of the Old-Mennonites and M. B. Mission there are good roads and on those main roads autos run all the year around. The government seems to spend a lot of money on improving the highways, but somehow

it dries out considerably before it is finally turned into better roads. Our Mission is lucky to have the Bombay-Calcutta main railway run through our field and touch two stations.

Notwithstanding that the people are poor the railway is doing good business. There is much traffic on all lines. The small villages are hid behind the tree-bushes. One often wonders from where all the people turn up. The houses of the people are small mud huts, very poor. Most of the people are farmers. Our Mission field has no large towns. The biggest ones have only five-thousand inhabitants. The population of the whole field is about eight hundred thousand, while our China mission field of the same size contains about two million inhabitants. In this whole district the farmers almost exclusively restrict themselves to rice raising. The people are contented with one crop a year which can, during the rainy period, be raised without much labor. Here and there I saw a few small wheat fields and some beans. At other places where there are canals of irrigation or where the people have dug wells, two crops a year can easily be raised. But in this district there are no canals and to dig wells and draw water these people seem far too easy-going. To draw water for irrigation and raise two crops a year is too much of a rush for these people and would take all the joy of life out of them. Their ancestors all raised only one crop and always depended upon the village pond for all water used; why should they change those good old ways of the ancients?

I have already mentioned the large tracts of graz-



ing grounds. The big herds of cattle found in every village are put out on these grounds. But since India is a dry country and the cattle is numerous, these grazing grounds are grassless and dry the greater part of the year. The greater number of the cattle is half starved, and some do not survive at all. But what can the people do? The cattle is holy, and this grazing land is especially set apart for them to find nourishment. Cows are never used for draught. They are supposed to give milk. But without good grazing you cannot have milk. The Indians have much cattle, but not enough milk for their children. We were camping outside a village which may have had five hundred families. There also was a big herd of cattle, but it was impossible to find even one cup of milk in the whole village.

The Hindus in the early history of their country already saw the value of the milch cow for their people; that is why they made her sacred, so that she would be retained for the country by the people. And up to the present day the sacredness of the cow has been retained. A very educated Indian is reported to have said: "Call it prejudice, passion, or the climax of religion, but it remains an indisputable fact, that with the Hindu nothing is so sacred as the cow. To kill a cow is the greatest crime that can be committed, it is equal to god-murder."

It matters little whether the Hindu is a prince or a common farmer, the cow is, so to say, his holy mother. During life he needs her and at death he could not do without her. At the point of death he wants to have

the cow in order to hold her tail while passing into the beyond. Only thus is he assured of a peaceful journey. Panchagavia consists of a mixture of milk, butter, curd, dung, and urine. Before the mixing each substance is kept separately in a bottle by itself. At first the people pray to each of the five bottles then they mix the substance and swallow it down. The person thus is free from all sin, soul and body thus become clean. It is believed to possess power to free one from any and all imaginable guilt. Abbe Dubois writes: "Urine is the best remedy for sin known by the Hindus. I have often seen people follow the cow with bowls and dishes in their hands to catch the urine and take it home. I have also seen people catch the urine in the hollow of their hands. They drank it, and rubbed the rest on their faces. To wash in it purifies the body. Holy people often drink urine."

Because the cow is holy and also very useful, nobody dares to kill her. It is not a question, how many head of cattle a farmer needs for the cultivation of his land, nor is it a question of being able to feed them. If they are once there they will also remain, until they die a natural death. Most of the farmers have by far more cattle, than they can feed. Near every village one finds grazing ground, where they may be put. But the herd of cattle is by far too big for the land allowed, especially after the rainy period is over. One finds the ground entirely barren during the greater part of the year, but still the cattle is put there daily to find feed. The cattle thus get very poor, and some die. To this serious condition still is added that these herds con-

stantly increase. Fifty percent and more of the cattle in India is worthless. The farmer has no use from it. He does not need it for tilling the soil, and it does not bring him any milk and butter. It is a matter of fact that the best cows suffer most and die out first, because their strength goes into the milk. Thus the worst stock remains and propagates itself. While Hindus are not allowed to kill, they are really in a difficult position. I even saw a medical missionary greatly perplexed. He had a cow that would not come in fresh and besides always jumped the fence and did damage in the garden and in the fields. He would have been most happy to get rid of her, but how? He dare not kill her for fear of making trouble, and nobody wanted the animal even as a present. Sometimes the farmer will quietly lead his cow far into the woods and tie her up either to starve or be eaten by wild animals. A cow becomes fresh, and the farmer would very much like to use the milk for himself and his family or even sell it but there is the calf, what shall he do with it? To starve it would also be a great sin; so he rather gives the calf daily one or two cups of milk, and besides ties it up in the hot sun. Finally it dies a "natural" death.

India's poverty is to be found in the sacred cow. India is literally eaten up by its cattle, and the cattle is starving at that. Persons that especially seek the favor of the gods, often give a bull to the temple. However such a person prefers to give the poorest animal, and if he buys one for this purpose, it is the cheapest that he can find. This sacred animal is, however, not fed, for it is free to go and find its feed. It also runs along with

the village herd, and thus another generation of poor calves is born. Such half starved cattle often goes into the neighbor's fields and ruins his crop. But what shall he do? The cow is hungry and holy at that. So he has to submit to this appointed fate by the gods. In Calcutta I walked for over an hour on Harrison Street. This gave me a real impression of what the sacred cow is to the Hindu and does. In this one hour's walk I met more than one dozen of sacred bulls right on the sidewalk. They all have the right-of-way. So you can imagine the obstruction that they cause in the crowded walks. They will not move one inch to give room to the passersby. They further go into any shop, where the door will permit this. They help themselves to grain, flour or anything that they like, and the owner dare not chase them away. Some people even buy pancakes for them. On this street, too, most of the wagons are pulled by oxen. The sidewalk and the whole street is just one mixture of cow dung, urine and a little mud, maybe. One lifts his feet high in walking carefully the street and still the effect is rather disastrous for ones clothes.

Rich merchants are supporting asylums for poor cattle; but with one or two exceptions they are no blessing but rather a further curse. Notwithstanding that much money is given for this purpose, the cattle generally do suffer in them and some actually starve. The feed given is poor and not enough. Many of the cattle were better off outside. Not only do many of the care-keepers forget the cattle and take better care of themselves, but they even like to get benefits out of the cows.

Thus they slowly starve the calves to death and sell the milk.

India is poor, people and cattle are both suffering. What could be done in order to save the situation? To me it seems that two things are necessary in order to remedy this unbearable condition: firstly, one-half of the present number of cattle should immediately be done away with. The better cows now thus supplied with the extra feed, would do the work for the farmer and give him more milk than all the cattle at present; secondly, the so-called grazing grounds must be put under cultivation and thus crops in grain and feed raised for the cattle. The Indian farmer is lazy and shows ignorance in good farming methods. The cow dung he burns up or lets it go to waste, while his fields are suffering for want of fertilizer. Nowhere did I see people put manure on their fields, although a few did put ashes on. The Bible exhorts the lazy man to go to the ants and learn a lesson. I would still add, that the Indian farmer should go to the Chinese farmer and take a lesson or two. Just that on which the Chinese farmer lays stress, the Indian farmer for laziness' or for superstition's sake dares not use.

A specialist from Italy, during a talk with Gandhi was caused to make the following statement: "If the Indians only were not so ignorant and could better understand the pitiful condition of their cattle, and would cultivate the so-called grazing ground and raise feed for the cattle, the situation would improve immediately. To change off the fields and fallow the land is not more expensive and it improves the crops. The

Holland government one hundred years ago compelled the natives of Java to use this method of farming. Since that the population has increased from two million to thirty million. but the crops of sugar and rice have so improved that the large population is well provided. The government forced the reform through, and it saved the country.

"In Italy and other countries, where the cow is considered as valuable property, one loves her and tenderly cares for her. Good barns are built for her shelter, and crops are raised for her feed. But here in India, where she has been made sacred and raised to a god, she is put out on the so-called grazing ground and starved. This land ought to do away with these grazing grounds and raise feed for its cattle."

The poor and ignorant people can easily be excused, for they do not know any better; but what shall we think of the educated and the students, who as if in a dream are running about and straining their voice in condemning the English government. Of late I saw an article in a paper, in which a Hindu tried to prove that all the misery and suffering of his people had its cause in the Mohammedans, English officials, and English soldiers in India eating beef. He used the expression: "Would that these all could stop eating meat, and India were saved!" I also met a student that had been in America for eight years, just returning with the title of doctor of medicine. From the train he pointed out the poor cattle and the little dirt huts of the farmers with the remarks, that the English government was to blame for all this misery. But how

England and its government is to blame for the condition of the Indian caused by the sacredness of its cattle and the laziness of the farmers is more than I can see.

The average farmer is poor, for the land is generally owned by a few people known as the owners of the village. The rest of the farmers are his serfs. Because the man does not own the land, he generally neglects to take good care of it. The cow dung so much needed for fertilizer is sacred and valuable in different ways. They dry it and then use it as burning material. They use it for plastering, and for painting over their earth floors. I have also seen it used to plaster holes in the ground wherein they cool off their syrup, or let it become hard for candy purpose. At any rate this valuable fertilizer is not put on the soil. Most of the farmers have large debts, and no way of paying up. But they lose little sleep over this. They rather follow their daily work without much concern over it. Why should they make their life any more miserable over these debts? It is a thing that cannot be helped. If, through special luck or an exceptionally good crop he happens to get more money than usual, he immediately invests it in arm and ankle bracelets for his wife and daughters. This is, so it has been said, his bank. Where he neither pays nor receives interest. But whenever he needs money badly, he goes to the better-to-do people and borrows money at high rate, generally somewhere between thirty and a hundred percent interest. The jewelry of his family might be sufficient to repay all his debts and again get him on his feet, but he prefers to keep them for a still greater emergency. He is con-

cerned about keeping his social position. The more jewelry a man has in his family, the higher is his position in society.

In the higher castes the women are in "purdah," that is they are kept at home and away from society, where they might accidentally meet male persons. But in the lower castes the women are again working with male laborers together. At road-repairing, in the fields, and in the construction of buildings, everywhere one sees the sexes working together. The women are the luggage carriers. Often one sees the husband walking on empty-handed, while his wife has to carry his heavy baggage. Some times I have noticed a man of twenty or thirty years find a woman-baggage carrier fully as young as he. The man would walk leisurely carrying his cane, and the woman would carry his heavy luggage, and thus they would start out for some distant country place. I have many times been greatly surprised into what extremes these people go. In China you can't find these extremes. There she is decently protected. In India the woman is the beast-of-burden, while the cow is sacred and relieved from any work whatsoever.

Notwithstanding all the ignorance and the terrible superstition, the people are generally speaking dead tired of all this, and are longing for some kind of salvation. Were it not for the Brahmans and the other priests that are constantly threatening the people with awful curses, many of them would have become Christians long ago. But the people are terribly afraid of



these so-called "earth-gods," who will not work but beg from the people. The sacred bull goes into the field or even the granary and eats as much as he wants, for no one dares to scare him away; and so the Brahman comes and makes known his desires, and no one dares to decline his requests. Everybody knows what kind of a rascal he is and how he lives in immorality, but he is an "earth-god," therefore his desires must be met.

After bringing out some of the above points, one can better understand the conditions under which the missions work and under which the Christian groups are developing. Their progress is rather slow. We must remind us therefore of the fact, that the civilization in India stands far behind that of China. This is one reason of the backward position of the churches and the Indian Christian leaders. The organizations are weak and stronger leaders are badly needed. But still after having had contact with these present leaders for over two months, I have come to the conclusion that we should not be so over-careful, but push the independent organizations, and throw the responsibility upon the shoulders of the Indian Christian leaders. They are sure to make some mistakes; yes, but have we missionaries always done the right thing at the right time? A child learns to walk, stumble and fall but it learns to walk by itself. And so it will be with the Indian Church. Let her take over responsibilities in many ways, the outcome will be an indigenous church, that is a self-governing, self propagating and by and by also a self-supporting one.

During my stay in India I have learned to appre-

ciate the difficulties that the Indian people have to contend with. I have seen them in their social misery, and in their spiritual darkness. But I have also seen glorious examples of what the power of the Gospel can accomplish. The mere help of men and social reform can never save this people and make it real happy. It takes a Christ to save them. Our Mennonite Mission, although not very big, has a district for which it is totally responsible. The missionary group is exemplary. Each one is a hard worker.

I exceedingly enjoyed my short stay in India and I learned to love my missionary friends there anew. It was therefore rather hard for me to leave them, and to continue on my trip. My way to Bombay was via Benares and Agra. At the first place one sees Hinduism at its worst. Even though it is the most holy place in all India, and to which people from far and near go in big crowds in order to bathe in the water of the Holy Ganges. Fanaticism and superstition is very strong here. If one takes a boat and goes a little farther into the river one can watch big crowds of men and women come down the bank and bathe in the river. But in what water? Well, in the first place in that of the river; but then, too, all sewerage of the city with that filth from the streets dumped right here into the river. Close by, and yet encircled by the black stream of this filthy stuff, stand the people and bathe. In India the people always use the water in which they have just bathed or are bathing for washing their teeth; so here, too, the people wash their teeth in this filthy water, and more, they dip some of this holy water and drink it. Then

before they leave they fill up some bottles or jars with this so precious water to be taken along home. I have myself seen people carry some of this water for eight hundred miles. Close to the bank of the river also stand numerous temples. Some of these have the most obscene carvings in the world. A friend of mine on a later date was there and innocently went in to see one of the temples and to his surprise he found that a house of ill-fame was connected with it.

Agra again is a wonderful place. Here are a number of buildings that are worthwhile seeing, even if one has to travel a long way for it. These were erected some three hundred years ago by the Moghul Emperors. They are wonderful marble structures of which the Taj Mahal is the most grand, but the Tomb of Itmadud-daulah is the most beautiful. They are both built of pure white marble. The former of snow white marble and the latter also of snow white marble, but the whole outside surface of the building is wonderfully inlaid with many different kinds of marble, forming a most gorgeous design of flowers and other patterns. At Bombay there is very little to be seen. The Tower of Silence, however, is interesting. The Parsees have built them for their cemetery. Their dead are not buried, but they put them into these open towers to be devoured by vultures. There are always a goodly number of them sitting on the towers waiting for some one to die. Two hours after a corpse has been placed inside it is finished, except for the bones, which are left lying inside to bleach and decay.

The S. S. Rajputana brought me to Cairo, Egypt.

Rather to Port Said, and from there I went by train to Cairo. This three-day visit was a time well spent. To see that big city and its surrounding fertile valley, the life of the Egyptians, and finally to see and climb the Cheops Pyramids is almost fascinating. But for a man of my type the great expectation lay in Palestine. And it is now-a-day so close to Egypt, that if one leaves Cairo before dark, the next morning by sunrise one is in Palestine, in the land of the Philistines. The fertile fields and the big orange groves all the way up to Jaffa make one think of California, but from Lydda up to Jerusalem it is a constant climb in the Sorek Valley. The hills are so stony and barren, that one wonders what Jerusalem and its surroundings may be like. The city lies two thousand five hundred feet above the sea level. The old city inside the wall is very small in size. I leisurely walked around it by the way of the Jehoshaphat and the Hinnom valleys. It took me about two hours, so I judge that if one keeps close to the wall and walks an ordinary pace one hour will take one around the city. But inside it is very compact. On only a few streets there is room for wagons to go through. On the West and on the North of the old city the new Jerusalem stretches out far away from the walls. The weather at that time was rather chilly and rainy around the Holy City, so my partner and I decided to make our trip to Galilee first, which has a lower altitude and a much milder climate. However before we got started for the North we had a trip to Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Savior, and this trip we extended to Hebron. On the way one passes Rachel's grave just north of Bethlehem,

and the Oak of Mamre, where Abraham received the heavenly visitors. Hebron is strongly Moslem, and we were not allowed to visit the graves of the patriarchs.

We hired an auto to take us from Jerusalem to Tabgha on the Sea of Galilee. Since we could not find anybody else to go along, the trip was somewhat expensive but not more expensive than if we had gone part way by train and then finished up with donkeys. The road leads over the Judean Mountains. We found them high and stony and as the rest of the Palestine mountains entirely treeless. In the districts of Samaria the mountains are not quite so high and somewhat less stony, too. But even at that it seems as if one is looking into one big stone desert. At best the valleys are narrow and all too few, so that the people must depend upon the hills and mountains for fields. Some mountains are partly left for the flocks as grazing grounds but it is really surprising how these people try their level best to put the country under plough. From the foot of a mountain one looks up its slope and sees nothing but stone, but if one climbs this mountain or another mountain near by, so as to be able to look at it straight or even somewhat from above, one sees fields of grain between these stones. The people have moved these stones to the edge, evened off terraces and made fields. Even on the stony grazing grounds there are little patches of fertile soil between the rocks. In Galilee the hills and mountains are generally a little lower and also less stony. But even the least stony ground here would seem to a Dakota farmer worthless and impossible to be cultivated. The valleys in some places

are very stony, too. The Genezareth Plain is so stony that an American plough would not work. In fact some stretches of ground have over half of the surface area covered with stone. Some farmers were ploughing, but to us it seemed that they were simply turning over stones. But it is surprising how wheat, barley, corn and beans take root and grow up to cover most of the stones with green and finally yield fairly good crops. The Plain of Esdraelon seems to have better soil, long stretches are stoneless with a redish clay, while at other places the soil generally is yellow with a mixture of grey.

Wherever there are larger valleys and plains there Jewish colonies have settled. The Zionist organization has bought these districts of fertile land and given them to the Jews for settlement. The land, however, remains property of the organization. But the settlers can stay on it as long as they want and that free of charge. The organization also loans money to the settlers at a low rate of interest for building of houses and providing farming implements. These villages are so different from those of the native ones, that any one can easily recognize them. The houses are of foreign style with red tiles on the roofs. The people more or less use western clothes and farming implements. Some Americans at Jerusalem have little faith in the Zionist movement and in the colonies as such; but to us they appear promising. In fact the Mediterranean coast and the adjacent highlands are full of them. One finds numerous promising farms and orange groves in those places. Some of them are already richly bearing, while others have small trees, three or four feet high. These

trees are all vigorously growing. The Jaffa district is a wonderful sight. It is true that in number the Jew is far behind the Moslem, for if all Palestine is taken together, the Jews can claim only one-tenth of the population, and with the Christians together may be two-tenths; but they now already have the strategical and most fertile part of the country. The Arab is forced back to cultivate the less fertile hills, and many are still living as bedouins in tents and are grazing their flocks on the hills.

Our first stop was at Jacob's Well. The Russian Church started to build a large church building near by but the great World War interfered and now it has no money, thus the building remains half completed. Over the well itself there is a little hut. The well is ninety feet deep and has thirty feet of water. We drank of it and found it to be real good. That gift of Jacob to his son Joseph is a precious one. Jacob dug deep and gave generations of generations a well of wonderful water. If some of us were not so superficial, maybe we, too, could leave great blessings for our posterity. Close by stands Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim. They are so close to each other, that it was quite possible for the armies of Israel to stand on the slopes of both mountains and to announce the blessings and the curses. The village of Sychar remains on our right close by, and Sechem somewhat farther on our left. While we enter the valley between the two mountains, one of Joseph's tombs remains about half a mile to the right. Continuing a little further, we approach the city of Samaria. The old city is, of course entirely in ruins, but some

excavators are at work in digging her out. The new city is small, rather just a village, lying on top of a big hill between two points in a little valley. Formerly it must have been a stronghold in the mountains; but we remember it more as a centre of sin during the reign of Ahab and Jesebel. From here northward the country is decidedly improving. After some further drive we notice Dothan on our left some four or five miles away. It brings back into memory the story of Joseph being sold by his brethren into Egypt as a slave. It is such a touchy story and still the hand of God was in it all for the salvation of His people.

Finally we reach the mountain of Gilboa. The story of Gideon and his band of heroes flashes through our mind. We would like to linger somewhat on this holy ground, but the auto rushes on toward the Plain of Esdraelon and Jesreel. As we reach the southern bank, it wonderfully stretches out before us. The level ground, the green fields, and the Jewish colonies with the red-tile houses, surrounded by tree plantations, all look so attractive. On the right hand at some distance lies Nain; it is only a small village but how historically important it has become through the restoring to life of that widow's only son by Jesus. And as the village Sunem had a similar experience in the days of Elisha, so it is located as a neighbor to Nain, lying several miles northeast from it. Mount Horeb lies still a little further east. It reminds us of the Midianites covering it in the days of Gideon as a big swarm of grasshoppers. We recall the dream of the barley-cake rolling down the hills into the camp of these hords. It was all a most wonder-



ful deliverance. Close by but a little farther towards the northeast stands Mount Tabor. As Saul was headlong higher than his brethren, so this mountain reaches up far above his "brethren". One does not need to stretch his imagination to see Barak and Debora with their army of Israel rush down its sides and fall upon Sisera and his army to crush them forever. The song of Debora is wonderfully describing the scene. On the foot of Mount Tabor is a village by its name.

But we are now in thought and in actuality approaching Nazareth. Dear Nazareth! From our early youth we have loved to linger in thought around it. But now the impossible becomes a fact, and while we climb a high and steep hill, winding always back and forth so as to break the grade, we finally get high enough so that we can see the village with our own eyes. It lies high in the hills and at the same time it spreads out in a little valley on the southern slope of the hill. It has a population of about ten thousand. Of these about two-thirds are Christians. Everybody on the streets seem friendly, and so we are tempted to stay on, but no, today we must go to the Sea of Galilee, and so the real visit here must be postponed until we come back.

Hardly have we passed the northern border of the hills, and before us lies Cana of Galilee. For Mary to attend the wedding the trip was not long and Christ with His disciples could easily follow her in a few hours. The village is small but attractive. The first miracle that our dear Lord performed, was in this place, and thus it remains a place of importance in the Christian

history. Everybody in the village knew what had happened and praised the Master for it. Even today any boy in his teens on the hills of Galilee can tell you the story of Jesus turning water into wine. We continue our drive for another hour or so, and all a-sudden we find ourselves on the top of the range. Deep down before us lies the beautiful Sea of Galilee. Banked by high mountain ranges on the east and on the west. It is over six hundred feet below the sea level. It is a most beautiful scene. Now the road leads down on a steep bank into Tiberias situated on the western shore of the sea. But the hill is so steep, that we have to go down in a decided zigzag, always coming back to our old spot, but just a trifle lower. Now finally we are on the streets of the city. Here Herod Antipas, "the fox," lived, who beheaded John the Baptist. This was the capital of Galilee during the time of Christ. Did our Master ever visit this place? Some seven miles northeast from here but still on the seashore lies Tabgha, a German Hospice. That is our objective for today. After following the seashore for about three miles and just at the edge of the Plain of Genesareth we pass Magdala. Now it is only a very small village but how great was the love of Mary Magdalene for her Master! We now cross the Plain of Genesareth and roll over one more steep hill and before us lies Tabgha. A small place, to be sure, but surrounded by grain fields, trees and orchards it makes a most beautiful place to stay. Some people think that it is situated on the old site of Bethsaida, others again find the ruins of that city just a trifle south.

Five days around the shore of the sea pass rapidly. We visit the ruins of Capernaum and Chorazin. The first has just had the old synagogue excavated. There are strong indications that it may be the one that the Roman centurion built for the Jews. If so, Christ must often have taught and performed miracles in this building. Now we take a boat and cross the sea to Bethsaida Julius just east of the mouth of the Upper Jordan. There is nothing extraordinary in the trip itself, but it reminds us of the many times that Christ with his disciples crossed it. It takes only a little effort of imagination, and we see the disciples in a boat working hard to overcome the strong wind and the big and furious waves, but all in vain. So they call the Master who is resting in the rear of the boat. One command of His: "Peace, be still," and the storm ceases and the waves calm down. Or again we find the disciples alone in a boat, because their Master remained on the mountain for prayer. The boat is overtaken by a fierce gale, and an all-night rowing does not bring them to shore. Unexpectedly they see someone walking on the water. Who could walk on the surface of the water, but a ghost! But one word, "It is I" calms their fears and Peter tries his faith in walking on the water to Jesus. But now awaking, so to say, from our dream of meditation, we actually see the fishermen in their boats. Some sit and repair their nets. The others make a round swing with their boat and while doing so they drop the net into the sea. Now they circle around inside the nets, beat the seat of the boat and thus try to drive the fish into the net. Then another circling around and the

net is taken in. At times they make a fair haul, but at other times the net remains empty. Sometimes you see them after an all-night and part-day exertion to have caught only a few fish. There is no dry kindling around, so they gather a few pieces of dry cow dung, set it on fire and roast the fish on top of it. It very much reminds us of the experience of the disciples only here is no Christ to tell them where to throw the net and catch the fish, and they must also kindle their own fire and be contented with the few fish that they have just caught. We also read that Peter went down to the shore at Capernaum to fish with hook and line, as it seems; and so here at the same place even today you see the men fishing with hook and line, but their success is not very great.

To sit on the shores with an open Bible, or to climb the mountains, rather big hills, close by the sea for prayer and meditation is an exceptional privilege. The sea, the shore, and the hillsides all have been made sacred by the Master's footsteps. One hour from Tabgha straight west up the hills leads one through green wheat fields, grazing grounds full of the most beautiful flowers, a real flower garden, but planted by no human hands. They are wonderful, more glorious than Solomon in all his glory. One is tempted to linger here but there are still more heights to be climbed, and so one presses on. A backward look with the green Sea of Galilee way down, little sailboats crossing it, the high banks on the opposite side, and the high hills, the Plain of Genesareth with villages scattered all over it, the fields and grazing grounds closer by, and flowers and birds

all about one, this makes the picture seem perfect; but no, there is another hill to be climbed. That will surely be the last one. After reaching the top and looking back, the scene has become still richer; but again there remains another hill to be climbed. And thus one presses on from hight to hight. As one climbs the scene becomes more glorious but there always remains higher ground. It reminds us of the Christian experience in life. So many people are contented to stay at the foot of the hill. Their outlook is small and their blessings are few. Others again scale the steep and often stony banks, and the higher they climb the richer their experience. Well, this is like a dream. One ought to press on, but night is drawing near and thus one must halt. Looking back one sees the Sea of Galilee deep down between its high mountainous banks, but it is as smooth and peaceful as a mirror. The high banks on the other side cannot hide the still higher peaks in the rear. On the right stands out clearly Mount Tabor, and on the left but somewhat farther east the white-crowned Mount Hermon; and in the West the sun like a big ball of fire sinks behind the still unclimbed mountains. The whole scene is so beautiful and so grand that one's heart just overflows with thanksgiving and praise. One quickly jumps on the top of a rock and like a lark begins to sing songs of praise and honor unto the Most-high.

Only too soon have these blessed days passed by and we must move on. Whatever places of interest there may be, we feel a strong pull towards Nazareth. We thus return by the same road that we came. First we

get to Cana, and then after passing over the big hill we land in Nazareth. Here at the foot of this hill in a little valley on top of the larger hill-range and right in the centre of the village is a big spring, called Mary's Fountain. From this spring all Nazareth is supplied with water. To this place Mary, the mother of Jesus, also came to get her supply of water. I can imagine Jesus as a small boy often accompanying his mother to this spring. The distance from her supposed home is only five or six hundred yards. Jesus knew how dependent the people were upon a good spring of water and so applying it spiritually, He calls himself the water of life, which in turn becomes a spring itself in those that drink it. There are also the places to be seen called Mary's Home and Joseph's Carpenter shop. Only so that these sacred places had been left alone; but now there are churches built over them. They show us the cave-room where Mary saw the angel and received the promise of the Messiah. Another room further back in the rock marks Mary's kitchen. We take a look around with an expression in our face that may betray some doubt in our minds, as much as to say, that it may and it may not have been the place. We soon press our way through the street and up the steep hill on the north. A part of the village lies on the southern slope of it. Having reached the top, we get a grand outlook. South lies the Plain of Esdraelon (Jesreel) with Mount Gilboa just behind it; southeast stands Mount Tabor as a young man in his full strength; east lies the Jordan and the rear bank of the Sea of Galilee. The sea itself is so low that we miss it. Northeast some thirty or so miles

away stands out clearly Mount Hermon. It appears to be the oldest and the most honorable among the surrounding mountains. Near this mountain on one side of the lower peaks, I take it, Christ's transfiguration took place, although some people prefer Mount Tabor, and have built some churches there to commemorate the event.

Through the generosity of some American friends the Dominicans are building a two-hundred-thousand-dollar church there, which is now just being completed. It is grand but at the same time simple, and thus far more tasty than some of the other churches in the Holy Land. By the way, a half-day trip on the top of Mount Tabor on another day was well spent. If we still remain standing on the top of the hill of Nazareth, but turn towards the west, we now see Mount Carmel, pressing forward into the the Mediterranean Sea; and we also can see the sea itself close to it. Nearer by we see the hills and the valleys partly in fields and partly in grazing ground. Cows, sheep and goats in large numbers are pasturing here. The little kids are anxiously waiting at home for their mother-goats to return, and what a meeting it is when finally the herd comes down the hill! But far more interesting it is to watch the going out or coming in of large flocks of sheep. The shepherd always goes before them. Some of the hills for grazing are so full of stones and sharp rocks, that in many places it requires the use of hands and feet in order to climb up or down. How easy it is for sheep to get lost in these places, and how difficult on the other

hand for the shepherd to go out into this wilderness to seek and find the lost ones.

Although tempted to stay on, we now break up and continue our trip over Mount Carmel to Jerusalem. The Kishon is only a very small stream; but Mount Carmel is over fifteen miles long, and during heavy rains can throw a lot of water into the Kishon River. Part of this mountain is still wild, but at the foot of the western extremity lies the modern city Haifa. The mountain is gorgeously covered with flowers. The prophets Elias and Elisha with their simple faith and great deeds stand before us. Truly, "Allah is great!"

Here is Jerusalem, the center of religious zeal, a truly religious complex. One is almost tempted to leave it altogether out, because the many religious forces at work make it very difficult to give a description of any kind. There is the Jew who claims it as his holy city. His claim rests upon God's early promise, and his possession of the land later on, which continued for many centuries. There stands the Mohammedan, who also has a double claim: for he has accepted the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the prophet Moses as his own; secondly he has conquered the land with the sword and for centuries has now been its possessor. Then, too, there is the Christian, who, whether of Jewish or pagan descent, has his claim based both upon the Old and New Testament. It is the place where his Savior, the Christ, suffered, died and was raised from the dead again.

The Mohammedan has still his hold on the temple area. Here he has the Mosque of Omar built over the Rock of Moriah, where at first Abraham sacrificed Isaac



and where later all the Jewish sacrifices in front of the Temple were performed. He very zealously guards this area against any Jewish encroachment. Just outside of this area at the wall stands the Jew and bemoans the desecration of the holy temple ground and the holy city as such. Standing in the big vacant space right in front of the Mosque of Omar, I cannot help thinking of the words that Christ spoke to His disciples when they pointed out to Him the wonderful buildings of the temple and He replied: "See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Not a stone upon another, that is the exact condition. How verbally these prophecies have been fulfilled!

Easter time is especially a period of greatest religious zeal for all contending parties in the city and even far out in the country districts. During these days the city can impossibly hold all the crowds that come for religious purposes. Not only is the old city inside the walls overcrowded with pilgrims, but even the new city outside the walls spreading far over the valleys and hills is crowded to its utmost capacity. The Jews come to observe their passover. I felt myself privileged in being permitted to be present in one of the family circles during the passover meal that night. The Mohammedans celebrate the Feast of Moses, which takes days and is accompanied by great parades. The streets are fearfully crowded with people, and only by heavy policing can order be maintained. The marching through the streets takes hours at a time, and many performances are made right on the street. One main feature is sword

duels. Their idea seems to be that the greater the noise in yelling and beating of drums the better the rendition.

The Christians, too, have their Easter or Easters, for the Roman and Protestant Christians celebrate according to the Western calendar, while the Greeks Coptics and Armenians still follow the Greek calendar. This peculiarity prolongs the festivities for one week. On Palm Sunday there is the palm-march, which for some simply means a prayerful walk from Bethany over the Mount of Olives into the Holy City, while again other groups prefer to remain inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They carry palms and candles while they march around and sing. On Thursday comes the anniversary of the Savior's suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane. All the different groups spend hours that night in the garden. People come in big streams from all directions to worship that once so despised Jesus of Nazareth. On Friday following comes the great procession from Pilate's judgment hall via Dolorosa to Golgotha. How different this procession from those of the Mohammedans! These Christians march quietly, make their halts at the different stations, read God's Word on the suffering of Christ, and while they slowly march on they softly sing honor, glory and praise to Him that suffered and died for them. I admit that in some of these Christian groups there are many performances that border on heathenism, and sometimes my heart was greatly grieved; but notwithstanding all these there is a great contrast between the Christian way of performing religious rites and those of other religious groups.

Italy presents some aspects of interest, but for one hurriedly passing through most of them remain unnoticed. Mount Etna on the Island of Sicily by its size and large snow crown produces a grand effect upon the visitor. Mount Vesuvius with its big volume of smoke pouring out of its mouth, accompanied by small explosions and throwing up burning masses, spells danger. The city of Rome will soon have its last ancient building tumble in the dust. It is rapidly becoming a modern city. The Catacombs outside the city, built by the early Christians, remain about what they were before. Venice is the only city of renown that has no automobiles, for the streets all consist of canals; and transport is carried on by boat. The smaller streets are only paths or walks between the houses, and wherever they cross the street they run over bridges. Italy has a mountain range stretching from north to south, which is rather barren; but the valleys and plains are very fertile and are intensely cultivated. Northern Italy and Switzerland with the many snow topped mountains, green fertile valleys, green mountain-slope terraces, mountain forests and blue seas below form very beautiful scenery. To travel by steamboat on these seas and by electric trains over the Alps is most fascinating. Mount Rosa, Mount Niesen, The Jungfrau and a number of other mountains especially claim the visitor's attention. The Jungfrau and some of her sister peaks are snowbound all the year around. The scenery around Lake Como, Lake Maggiore, Lake Lemman, Lake Thun, Lake Brienz and so on is the most wonderful. Switzerland has large electric plants and most trains are run by electric power.

The people are peaceful, friendly and industrious.

Germany differs in landscape and industry from the above mentioned countries. The people are all hard-working and live a very simple life; in a way one might say peaceful, for they are a peace-loving people. The government has excellent control of the situation. But on account of the heavy war debt and the reaction of the war and the revolution there exists a severe struggle for existence. In every large city one finds thousands of people out of work. Many workingmen although they have a position, are so much underpaid that with the present high prices of commodities they are unable to make ends meet. The government partly relieves the suffering of the unemployed by paying them half-wages.

At Berlin I broke my journey and stayed in a Christian home for five days. This was doubly pleasant, since I had already for over two months been hanging around in hotels. The short stay brought me in contact with Christian work there, and also gave me an opportunity to be of service to my Master. I also found time to visit some of the more important public places and institutions. My Christian friends made my short stay most pleasant and at the same time helpful.

My further trip through Northern Germany, Holland, Belgium and France was not very pleasant. It rained daily and even snowed a few times. The country is not of special scenic importance, and the cities follow the order of ordinary city-life. Holland seems to be mostly a dairy country; and with its better houses than those of Northern Germany and Belgium and its green

meadows and tulip gardens it is more attractive. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is a fairly good city in size and general appearance; but the custom management is provoking. As it was, I had sent my larger baggage from Berlin to London, so that I needed to carry only a little hand bag and my portable Underwood typewriter. Nowhere since I left China had my typewriter caused me any trouble. In order to be sure that it was kept in good condition I always carried it myself; but on the train from Rotterdam to Brussels it was taken away from me with the promise, however, that at Brussels at the station it would be immediately returned to me again. When I asked for it there, the man in charge of that little custom room told me that he had no authority to release it, but that at 3:30 P. M. the other custom officer would be there and then I should have my machine. I called again at the appointed time, but he was provoked that I called so early. I simply sat down and waited for the officers to arrive. These, however, also declared that unless I was prepared to pay the custom charges, they had no authority to hand over my parcel. They advised me to call at the customhouse on Monday, for this was Saturday and passed office hours. I surely was surprised, for the customhouse was fully three miles away, and here at this big railroad station was no officer empowered to transact a little business of this nature for travelers. Monday morning at nine o'clock I appeared at the custom office and presented my slip; but after paying over one dollar charges for the handling, I still saw no machine. They sent me from one office to another; and

there were fifty or more of them. Here a paper had to be filled out, there it had to be countersigned, at another place it had to be stamped, then another paper was needed and this had a lot of formalities, too.

Everything in writing was in the Belgian language. Some of the officers spoke a little English or German; but others again nothing but their own tongue. After I had spent over two hours there and visited more than ten offices and some as many as three times, I began to wonder whether the papers might not already have enough documentary evidence to enable me to obtain my parcel, so I went back to an elderly gentleman occupying a prominent position and asked him, whether this would do and where I should apply for my typewriter. He sent me to another office; and the men there after closely examining my paper gave me a bright young fellow to go along and get the machine. We had to go to another big building, rather a custom warehouse. Here the parcel was located. I signed the receipt for the same, and proudly carried the machine off. While we walked towards the door about one hundred yards away two officers there intercepted us and demanded that we get better authority. This chap with me proved to be a regular lawyer, but it was all of no avail; so we hunted up the other officer and stated our case. The papers were again examined, and after adding some more signatures and stamps, we were advised to again go after the machine. Now we were successful to get out of this building, but another office had to be visited, and here the typewriter was again taken away from me. At all these places there was a great discussion over the

documents, but always in a language foreign to me. This young chap was determined to succeed, and so he took me to the General Custom Director, discussed the matter with him, and had him countersign the papers. By this time it was noon already and I had missed three trains. The next one was to leave at 4 P. M. The man assured me that everything was alright now, only that I would have to go on the 4 o'clock train; and that somebody would be sent along to see that I actually carried the machine along on that train. Two o'clock in the afternoon I was there again, went to the former office and presented my three papers anew asking, that they immediately send a man along with me to get the typewriter and carry it to the station. They complied with this wish; but the man in whose hands the machine was still refused to give it up, for as he saw it, the papers needed more stamping; but in order to expedite the matter, he gave us the machine along, however keeping my handbag as a security. By this time I was all played out and really nervous. I was about ready to leave the typewriter where it was and be done with it; but when we again returned and showed the new signature and stamp, the man was pleased and allowed us to take the treasure to the station. However the station custom officer for whom we carried documents refused to let me carry it with me unless I traveled in the Pullman section which was a non-stopping Paris train. Finding then that even in the train I should not be trusted with carrying my own typewriter, I told them to check it as baggage. After this so trying experience neither in Paris nor in London has

anybody troubled me beyond looking over my things and asking what it might contain.

The country in Northern France is a fairly good rolling farming land, but it is not intensely cultivated. The buildings are poor and mostly house and barn combined. Paris, however, is a fine city and has nice wide streets with a row of trees on each side the street, at least in many of the important places of the city. The residential district of the wealthier classes is most beautiful. In several places it has a monument on a small hill or knoll and from this there are ten or twelve streets radiating into all directions as from the center of a circle. Paris is so stocked with autos, that in such centers they come so quickly, that the streets are literally choked with them.

London, the world's metropolis, has something in its spacious public buildings and their yards, the wide boulevards, and the large and beautiful parks, that greatly appeals to the visitor. The Parliament building, Westminster Abby, and the Buckingham Palace connected by the Mall and St. James Park, are so to say, the center of the city and give much material for visiting and study. St. Paul's Cathedral is a fine structure, too. The many art and portrait galleries and the large museums are world renowned. A visitor with limited time cannot begin to study them in detail.



## THE FAMILY REUNION

The ship had left London and we were well on the high sea; but the weather was nice and the sea was calm. This was really my trip home. Now no sight-seeing, no more visiting was to be done. I was heading straight for America and straight for my home. My family and friends in America knew that I had embarked that day. They must, therefore, be thinking of me, and no doubt, they were praying for a safe voyage; and I—? Sitting on a deckchair and staring into the blue nowheres, I found myself deep in thought. Thirteen months it now was since I had bade my family farewell on the Yellow Sea of China. While I was still in that country busy with work, it was easier to forget one's own people and be wholly occupied with the work. In India the friends made everything so pleasant for me and had outlined such a full program, that only here and there I could find time to commune with my family in thought. The trip through Palestine and Europe was too full of rich experiences and brought ever so many pleasant changes; but those things now all lie in the past. This time I am sailing for home. Europe and England must now forever stay behind. Day and night there is now one continuous move—homeward.

I well remember that years ago, when I was still a boy attending school, a debate was to be held on the subject: "Resolved, that there is greater happiness in

anticipation than in possession." I do not remember any more which side I had to take; but if the same subject were to be debated today, I would not have to hesitate, which side to choose. And if any one feels like doubting my statement, he is cordially invited into our home. But here I was still on the high sea. In my mind I had reached the first stage of that debate—anticipation. What my dear wife was and would be, there could be no doubt. As she had in the past been a consecrated child of God, so she would be even now and in the days to come. No doubt through all the experiences that have come to her in these thirteen months, she could not but have grown richer in love and grace. Would God, that my indicator of these noble traits stood as favorably! But my thoughts went especially to the children. There was Linda, from childhood on a lovable and peaceful character. Other children could strike her, but she never would strike back, but turning half away, she would wipe away a tear or two and turn back and extend a hand of peace. Fifteen was her age when she said goodbye to me on the steamer. Fifteen in the life of a girl, who does not know what a critical period must follow in the life of any girl of this age? Her letters during the year have indicated, that she was coming in contact with many forces that were unknown to her before. What changes even gradually may not take place in a year? During that time the character indicator may go decidedly up, or it may go down. Could I be sure that in her case it would be the first? Jessie was only five years when she embraced my neck with her lovely arms and pressed a sweet goodbye kiss upon my cheek. Now

she is going to school; and even has written me a few lovely little letters. I expect that she has grown in stature a good deal, and enlarged in knowledge. The avenues of her mind and heart must be wonderfully opening. Will it be only toward the good and noble things, or will the bad and the mean also creep in? And little Roland! When departing he was too young and sweet for any description. I could compare him to a little chick in duns, pretty and lovely to be sure, but still having no traits of either good or bad. At that time he could neither run nor speak. Now he is an expert in both; but will he still know me? Hardly.

This, then, is how I have parted with my family over a year ago. Now I am to meet them again. What may I reasonably expect and what will the reunion have in store for me? While standing on deck leaning over the railing, an American girl of twelve with curly hair stands on my left and watches a tender that brings passengers from a French port. She turns to me saying: "America is good, ain't it? I go back to America." I replied smilingly, "England, France, Germany, Switzerland and many other countries are good, too, and they are nice places to live there." She continued: But you ain't English, you are an American, not?" When I affirmed, she continued: "That's right kid. The Americans are good guys." I simply dropped my eyes and failed to reply; but her mother punched her side.

This is only an example, but through the whole day I had been observing more or less my fellow passengers, and I found many occasions to criticize impoliteness and bad manners. Of course I was on a tourist third ship;

but even so am I not entitled to expect at least as much from these people as from that same class in Europe? This all set me seriously a-thinking. My children were in the period of character-building. On what grade should I find them, on the upward or on the downward? If we still were in the interior of China, I could be quite positive, that by the help of God our home environments would be sufficient protection, and it could only make us happy to watch this group of youngsters grow up to be good Christian men and women; but can I be so sure that the same results are beginning to be attained in their present environments?

The children have all been consecrated to the Lord. They have their mother with them to protect, help and guide. They have their grandparents still living, and they have numerous relatives and friends; but can I be reasonably sure that these good forces will exert a strong enough influence upon their young and receptive lives to counteract all the evil forces at work in the present day American social life? The actual conditions may not be quite as bad as European news agencies picture them; but even if a good discount were made, the outlook must remain dark. In Berlin I was asked what kind of a city Chicago really was, and today's wireless brings us the news, that things have become so bad that people have to revert to savage methods in protecting themselves and their business. We have allowed the Bible to be taken out of our public schools, we are letting the young people follow pleasure and lust of the flesh as their goal, and more, we are in the theatre and movie constantly putting evil men and

bad actions before them. Could we under such circumstances expect to reap anything different from what we are reaping now?" What a man soweth that shall he also reap." A friend in Berlin told me, that one could not name God on the street without being sneered at; and still Germany has, after the war, to some extent, religiously come to its senses. For rationalism has been pushed out of the higher institutions of learning. A professor of technique from the Berlin University and some other German fellow-travelers were astonished at the modernistic and un-Christian sign in American life and literature. Even the American delegates to the International Missionary Conference at Jerusalem preplexed the German delegation with their peculiar views and strange expressions. A friend in England confided to me, that in his country one dares not mention religion to the next fellow. He thought that where there still was faith in God and in Christ as a Savior it had to be kept secret. He gladly admitted that he was a Child of God, but he would not have mentioned it to me, had I not so frankly opened a religious conversation. Again and again he said: "I am so surprised that you speak so openly on this subject. No, I have not heard a man do so for a long time. Indeed I am surprised. But I am so glad to find some one that loves and lives Christ."

While I was standing on deck looking upon the big blue waves that came dashing against our ship, rolling and shaking it, I could not but recall in mind Columbus and his sail ships, or again the Puritans in the Mayflower, and all those early settlers, who with great peril and much sacrifice crossed the same big

ocean to settle down in a new country of wilderness. They went through a thousand hardships in order to find a place where they and their children could have the Bible as their guide in life, and in order to be able to worship their God and Savior with a pure heart and a clear conscience. They paid a big price for this religious freedom. Even my father sold his beautiful farm in Russia and moved to the American prairies, so that his children might live a Christ-life. They all paid a big price for the faith and they brought great sacrifices for our sake. The American dollar still has the inscription, "In God we trust." Does this inscription still hold true? Or is my fellow traveler right when he asks, whether America is not ruled by the greed for the dollar. All these questions and thoughts trouble my mind, for America is my native country. Many of my friends and relatives live there; and it is there where my young children are now developing into young man and women. Surely I have a good reason to be concerned about the social and religious life of the United States of America.

Ordinarily days have a length of twenty-four hours each. But traveling with the sun we are required to add thirty-six minutes daily so as to keep in harmony with the time of the rest of the world. I must confess, that the days on this homeward trip seem much longer to me. In fact that my heart is so full of home and that little circle, that all other work, be it reading or writing, seems burdensome and I cannot give my mind to it unreservedly.

I wonder what the meeting of us as a family will be

like. I have during my years of service seen Chinese meet after years of separation, and I have also observed Indian relatives meet each other. The latter have a very peculiar custom. They take a hold of each other's arms and stand and weep bitterly for some five or ten minutes. Finally they calm down and begin to converse with one another. Some of those practices of other people are very strange to us, and I dare say that they do not come natural. We of the West are not so much tied down to custom and can act more freely. At such moments we are all more or less moved by emotions, which generally are hard to control. To have a conventional way of giving away to such feelings must be doubly hard. To have such meetings take place in private seems to be the ideal. But this cannot always be so arranged. At any rate at this time I am at the other end of the line. I can therefore not choose the environments of our meeting; and more I can't even have any knowledge of what they are going to be like. My family is for the present living in Freeman, South Dakota. But since the schools will be closed for the summer vacation there is a possibility that they may be staying with the parents or brothers or sisters in the country. Then, too, since the Foreign Mission Board has arranged for a meeting in conjunction with all the China missionaries at present on furlough, which is to take place in Bluffton, Ohio, when I on my way home pass through that place there is a possibility, that Maria will come there, too. In that case I would first see her and afterward the children.

My thoughts also go forward to the many relatives

and friends. Nine years have passed since I saw them last. To be sure some have long since gone home to their eternal reward; but the greater number are still living. Nine years, what a chunk of time! They have torn a big piece out of my life; and I suppose that is the way everybody feels about himself. There is first the astonished look, and then come the exchanges of our individual experiences of life. I am sure that all my relatives and friends have had many interesting and rich experiences, some of which bear a deep spiritual nature. I can frankly say that I am looking forward to these days with the greatest of expectations. It is my earnest wish and prayer, that all may be for the glory of our Lord and Master, who lived and died for us; and also for our mutual help in the battle of life. We need each other's help, sympathy and sharing love.

At New York I had a definite call from the secretary to meet the Board and my fellow workers at Bluffton on June 7th, for a day's session. I would have expected Maria there, too, had I not received a letter from her stating that as much as she would have liked to be in Bluffton for this conference, she could not, for Linda and Jessie were both still in school, and this would mean a break in their studies. Further she herself was not very well, and since the Northern District Conference was at hand, she would prepare for that. Besides these letters I had one from the officers of the Conference, who invited me and had assigned two meetings to me.

At Bluffton I was met by my brother-in-law, Samuel Goering, and there I had the first thrills of coming home, when I entered their yard. Here I also met my



fellow missionaries on furlough. For a time I almost forgot that I was really in America. It seemed more like a good old mission gathering as we used to have in China. The meeting with the Mission Board was unique, too, and this not only from our viewpoint but also from that of the Board. Generally they have received our reports and requests on paper, but this time they met the major part of our Mission face to face, and thus they could ask questions and discuss the critical situation with us. It is not for me to go into detail of that meeting here, but suffice it to say that a committee of seven, three Americans and four Chinese shall be created, which shall meet at an early date and make definite arrangements as to the new cooperative organization on our mission field, under which the work is hereafter to be carried on, and under which all our missionaries upon their return to the field will work. If I were here to express my earnest convictions upon the present situation in China and the conditions under which missionaries can go back and re-enter the work which has become dear to them among the people they love, I would say that it has to be at least on a fifty-fifty basis. There cannot be any race distinction. Whatever may have been the relation of the missionaries to his Chinese co-workers or helpers in the past, he must now meet them and treat them as equals. That spirit of superiority is and must be gone forever.

At the close of the session I hurried on toward my destination. Some friends advised me to take the train to Wisner, Nebraska, directly, and have Maria meet me there at the Conference; but no, I could not but go

home and see my family first. That night I left for Chicago, hoping to get a morning train for Marion Junction, South Dakota, which is only about ten miles from Freeman. This would have brought me there in the quiet hour of the night. To my sorrow the morning train has been discontinued and I was compelled to wait until evening. Thus I was to reach Marion Junction at 11 o'clock in the morning. I had informed my family by wire of my coming. While passing through Iowa and eastern part of Dakota, the country, with its rolling landscapes and prosperous farms, gave me a strong feeling of home. However, entering Marion Junction the climax was approaching fast and my body seemed to be all nerves, so that my heart was beating doubly fast.

Stepping off the train my eyes fell first upon a large number of close relatives. Then Maria stepped forward; and she never has looked as lovely to me as then. My heart just went out to her. As she was in my arms, for a moment it seemed as if I did not care for anything in the world but her. Linda appeared to me as a real lady. It is true she has grown some; but she has largely changed from that of a girl to that of a young lady. Her teachers speak of her in the most appreciative terms, which causes me to rejoice, and I thank God for it. Jessie made me look twice before I was convinced. She has grown a good deal, and her features of the face have changed a lot. She herself did not in the first instance recognize me as her father. This, however, was partly due to the confusion. In a quiet home it would have been different. To meet most of the brothers and

sisters at the station gave me great joy, but I was especially touched to see the aged parents there to welcome me back home. When we went out for the second term of service in the year 1919, they could not persuade themselves that it were possible for us to see each other once more upon this earth. But the Lord has graciously kept them through all these years and us too. My heart was greatly moved but at the same time it was overflowing with joy. Now I could look upon their loving faces, and soon I should be with them in their own little home. This was one of my happiest thoughts for we and the China Mission owe very much to these dear and loving parents. Time may come and go, but their lives and deeds will tell in eternity.

After I had made the round and greeted them all one by one, the second climax came. On one side stood one of my sister-in-laws holding a pretty boy with dark hair and brown eyes in her arms, and on the other side stood someone holding another child with light hair and blue eyes in his arms. As in a chorus the relatives asked me to choose my son. For a moment I hesitated; looking at both of the sweet faces, I could have taken the two, but I was to have a choice. "Well," I said, "if, choose I must, then give me the blue-eyed child." Every body was greatly delighted and well pleased with my choice; however under different circumstances the outcome might not have been that favorable. Roland has certainly grown and developed into a real boy. It is all so wonderful how the Lord has graciously led us, kept us under His protecting wings, and in such lovely way brought us together again as a

family. We are very happy and thankful. "How excellent is Thy loving-kindness O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."

"I've learned to sing a glad new song  
Of praise unto our King!  
And now with all my ransom'd pow'rs  
His praises I will sing.

"His praises I will sing,  
He is my Lord and King:  
And now with all my ransomed powers  
His praises I will sing.

"I've learn'd to sing the song of peace,  
'Tis sweeter ev'ry day,  
Since Jesus calmed my troubled soul,  
And bore my sins away.

"I've learned to sing the song of joy,  
My cup is running o'er  
With blessings full of peace and love,  
And still there's more and more!"



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